

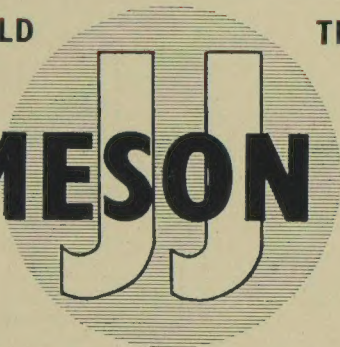
# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.



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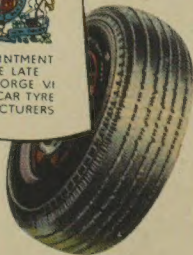


BRITISH CATHEDRALS

CANTERBURY

### *"The Meanest part was Gold"*

After the great fire of 1174 that destroyed the old Cathedral, an ironic situation was created. The authorities ordered that the new Cathedral was to be built on the old Anglo-Norman lines. So a French master-mason was placed in charge. His French-Gothic building was subtly influenced by English craftsmanship and local stone, and still more by a twist of fate, which ended his career through an accident after only four years of building. An Englishman completed the great building six years later. Now the Cathedral, mellow with the age of centuries, draws pilgrims from all parts of the world, as it has done since the murder of Thomas à Becket in 1170. Then the pilgrims came barefoot, bearing gifts that enriched the shrine so that Erasmus wrote: "Even the meanest part was gold, every part glistened, shone and sparkled with very large jewels . . ." Today the visitor does not look for gold or jewels. He is content to discover in this place the sense of peace it enshrines, the ancient traditions it sustains, and the spiritual vigour it feeds.



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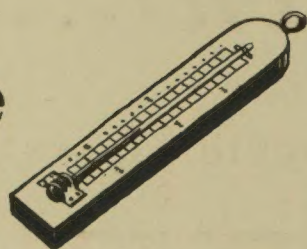


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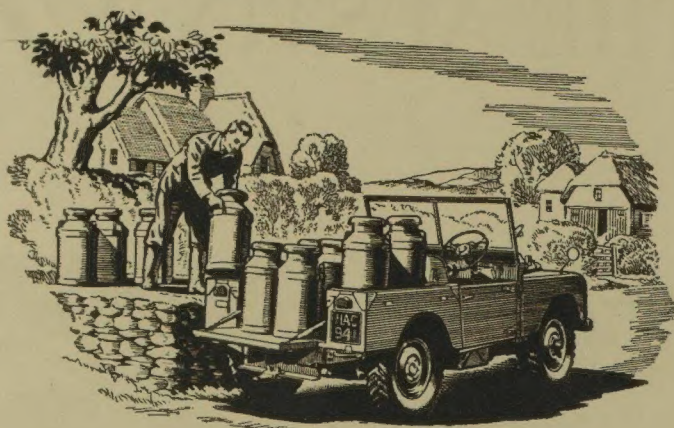
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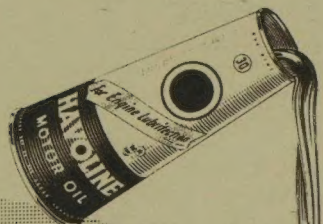
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Scene reconstructed by Roy Carnon

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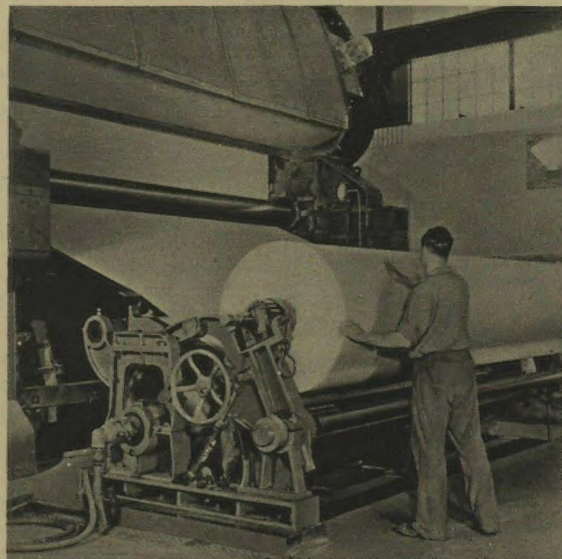
The tempo of modern life has certainly quickened since 1895, when Albert E. Reed first developed the production of super-calendered newsprint. In the reclaimed straw paper mill he had acquired the previous year, his first machines produced but six cwt. of paper an hour. Compare with this the six tons an hour reeled off the modern high-speed machines in the great Aylesford mills of the Reed Paper Group — their continually-expanding production including newsprint, kraft and tissue papers. For to-day the Reed Paper Group with its great resources and technical experience is one of the largest paper-making organisations in the world.

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# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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SATURDAY, JULY 12, 1952.



**THE NEW HOLDER OF THE TRANSATLANTIC "BLUE RIBAND": THE S.S. UNITED STATES LEAVING HER BERTH AT NEW YORK FOR THE MAIDEN VOYAGE IN WHICH SHE BROKE THE S.S. QUEEN MARY'S FOURTEEN-YEAR-OLD RECORD.**

At 5.16 a.m. (Greenwich Mean Time) on July 7 the new American transatlantic luxury liner, the S.S. *United States* (53,330 tons), passed the Bishop's Rock, and so had done the crossing to that point from the Ambrose Light in 3 days 10 hours 40 mins. at an average speed of 35.59 knots, thus breaking on her maiden voyage the record set up by 81,235-ton *Queen Mary* in 1938 by 10 hours and 2 mins., when the *Queen Mary's* average speed was 31.69 knots.

In her first day out the *United States* covered 696 miles at 34.11 knots, in the second, 801 at 35.6 knots, and in the third, 814 at 36.17 knots. The S.S. *United States* had been favoured by exceptionally good circumstances of wind, weather and current until the approaches to the Bishop's Rock, when she ran into driving rain and wind of gale force. She was scheduled to call at Le Havre on the evening of July 7 and dock at Southampton on July 8.

Another picture of the U.S.S. "*United States*" appears on a later page.





By ARTHUR BRYANT.

I LOVE that phrase of old Edward Fitzgerald's, written, if I remember rightly, in the sweltering dog-days in Chelsea more than a century ago, about "dipping down into the cool country." He was thinking, amid the rumble, cries, and stink of the metropolis, of the elm-shaded Suffolk fields and the slow, dragonfly-haunted meadows of East Anglia, and the stable clock chiming the leisurely hours at Boulge: all the delicious life of rustic England he was so soon, and in freedom, to enjoy again. One of the consolations about having to live and work in London is the joy one feels in leaving it, and I am fortunate in my life in that, having to pass much of my time there, I so frequently have the occasion and opportunity to do so. In fact, I am doing it as I write these lines, in a green-coached, southern train bound for the sea and misty cliffs and tawny downs of Dorset, on what for England is a really hot day. Not that it is too hot for me; it never is in England. I could do with months of such delicious days, warm, shining, beneficent. But most of my fellow-travellers—I am speaking in the transportal, not ideological sense—seem to find even this modest warmth too much for their chilled, northern natures; the dining-car and corridors are full of pallid men and women with drooping eyes, clammy foreheads and complexions like mandarins or the Commissars of the Chinese People's Republic, their braces and shoulder-straps shamelessly displayed to the public gaze and their limp souls hanging out of their open mouths. So much difference can a few degrees of temperature, one way or the other, make to a hardy race! I must, I suppose, have some touch of southern blood in my veins that I can enjoy the sun's warmth so unreservedly. Not that, living in England, I have the chance of doing so very often.

A week or two ago when I last left London, things were very different. I was bound for the sea-coast, or near sea-coast, in an opposite direction; but though it was high June, it was as chilly as March or February. The beautiful lawns and forest shades under the tall windows of the noble Queen Anne house in which I stayed were swept by cold, driving winds and storms from the North Sea, and the sun seemed almost as remote and unimaginable as on a Hudson Bay island in December. It was disappointing, though the kind of disappointment a Briton is used to! For I had been looking forward all the summer to my visit to this beautiful house and place, the home of an old friend and fellow-antiquarian, and had been anticipating eagerly the sight of its flowers and trees and gracious rooms and treasures lit by sunlight and checkered by shade and brightness. Still, as we islanders generally contrive to do on such occasions, I adapted myself to the inappropriate climatic conditions and enjoyed myself, thanks to my friend's kindness and consideration, almost as much, or quite as much, as I should have done had the weather been what I wanted it to be.

The main object, however, of my visit was to lecture to a gathering of men and women interested in fostering the arts in a particular English county and in preserving and making known its many historic and artistic achievements and glories. A better cause at this destructive time—when those achievements and glories are everywhere threatened—than the ends sought by this Society, or a more worth-while audience for any lecturer, it would have been difficult to find anywhere. The scene of the gathering, of which my lecture was only one unimportant incident, was appropriately one of a trinity of three noble and world-famous houses—in any other land they would be called palaces—for which this great English county is distinguished. I had never visited this house before, though I had many times seen pictures of it, and was expecting something out of the ordinary. But what I saw far exceeded my expectation. For though the exterior façade, as befitted its period, might be judged by some tastes a little severe, the interior surpassed in beauty almost every other house I have seen. Its excellence did not lie in its possession of any especial glories in pictures or tapestries; it was not a shrine of national masterpieces like Boughton or Wilton or Chatsworth. It lay rather in the perfect proportion of its rooms and the exquisite taste with which they were arranged and furnished; it

was almost impossible to pass from one into any other without a gasp of astonishment and delight. It was one of the grandest essays in the art of noble living that I have ever seen. And it was most remarkable that it should have been so: remarkable because, only a few years ago, as I heard on every hand, it was something so very different.

For at the beginning of the war this great house, which had fallen on somewhat troubled days, was given over to sudden devastation and destruction. Despite its association with two of the greatest of our classical architects, the War Department, which requisitioned it, allowed it to be treated with the barbarism which the British Army—so scrupulous, humane and honourable in every other respect—so unhappily reserved for the larger houses of its native land. Hundreds of our secondary historic country-houses suffered a fate which a horde of eighteenth-century Cossacks

could scarcely, short of actual incendiarism, have improved on. Many of these have since fallen into irreparable ruin, like the ravaged villages of the Roman-British landowners at the end of the fourth century, while a minority have been restored at a tremendous and—since the original destruction could so easily have been avoided—unnecessary cost to the taxpayer. The blame for this state of things does not rest on the private soldier—who knew no better and was living at that time, often at a great personal sacrifice, under great discomfort and hardship, an exile from his own home. It rests on the authorities who so carelessly allowed it to happen, and not least on our legislators and Civil Servants who ought to have taken greater care to safeguard a priceless heritage. Usually, to do them justice, they and the higher military authorities took steps to protect the finest houses of all, reserving them for headquarters staffs or the officers and men of special units, or even, in some cases, not requisitioning them at all. But in this case the house, though architecturally in the first flight, was allowed to suffer the full battery of ordinary barrack-room life. It was left at the end of the war almost a shambles.

Its restoration, and more than restoration—for in its richest and noblest days it can never have been more lovely—has been carried out by its owner and his wife, a gallant young couple, without any of the advantages of great wealth or of State organisation, and in the teeth of all the difficulties that have confronted ordinary, unprivileged, unofficial English men and women in the last decade. It could only have been achieved, under such circumstances, by not only high artistic skill, but by leadership of the truest quality and by a splendid courage and faith in the validity of our national tradition and heritage. For what

this young Englishman and his wife have done is to restore to England a great national possession which the carelessness of our generation had all but destroyed. And as I entered this gracious house, now renewed and fulfilling in a score of ways its age-long mission of serving the English community, I was reminded by its owner of a chance meeting ten years before at almost the darkest, or seemingly darkest, hour of the war. The occasion was a visit to a famous Army training unit, and it is one that I have never forgotten and am never likely to forget. For as I talked on that summer evening a decade ago to that audience of splendid young men, so soon to set out on the greatest military adventure of our history, I realised for the first time the change that was taking place in the British Army and in the soul and character of the generation it was training. I was to encounter the same spirit and the same atmosphere many times in the next few years, and was always to be moved by it. But that first realisation of it was something in the nature of a revelation, and as I stood afterwards, waiting for my train, on the platform of a little station among the sandy heaths of Surrey, I kept seeing again in memory that wonderful, unforgettable audience and found in my heart a great hope and not only of victory in battle. And as I looked the other day on the restoration by faith and courage of that glorious English house, I felt that part of the hope I had experienced had been fulfilled.

THE AIR DISASTER AT BEMERTON HEATH HOUSING ESTATE.



AFTER AN R.A.F. BRIGAND FIGHTER-BOMBER HAD CRASHED ON IT: THE HOUSING ESTATE NEAR SALISBURY, WITH A PRE-FABRICATED HOUSE DEMOLISHED (FOREGROUND), TWO-STORY HOMES BURNT-OUT (BACKGROUND), AND OTHER DAMAGED DWELLINGS.

Four two-storey houses and one pre-fabricated dwelling were burnt-out and several other homes severely damaged on July 2, when an R.A.F. Brigand fighter-bomber from Boscombe Down crashed on the Bemerton Heath Housing Estate near Salisbury. One of the engines failed, and the pilot, Flight Lieutenant G. Wood Smith, vainly tried to keep height, and made every effort to land on an open space adjacent to the houses, but a wing hit a tree and the aircraft careered down out of control and crashed in the valley. Burning petrol sent five houses up in flames, and others were damaged by falling trees and the disintegrating aircraft. The passenger, a civilian photographer, Mr. D. E. Purse, and the pilot were killed; but only nine other people were injured, none seriously. There were many remarkable escapes. The R.A.F. offered hospitality at Boscombe Down to the thirty-four persons rendered homeless, and eleven accepted.



## THE QUEEN IN THE HARDY COUNTRY.



THE QUEEN ON THE SUMMIT OF MAIDEN CASTLE, ONE OF THE MOST REMARKABLE CELTIC EARTHWORKS IN THE COUNTRY: HER MAJESTY IS CONVERSING WITH PROFESSOR R. E. M. WHEELER.



AFTER RECEIVING AN ADDRESS BY THE MAYOR OF DORCHESTER: HER MAJESTY AT MAUMBURY RINGS, A ROMAN AMPHITHEATRE, SIGNING THE DISTINGUISHED VISITORS BOOK.



INSPECTING THE UNIQUE STRONGHOLD OF THE ROUND BARROW MEN, NEAR DORCHESTER: HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN WALKING ON THE SUMMIT OF MAIDEN CASTLE ON JULY 3.

Her Majesty the Queen, on July 3, after her visit to the Royal Show at Newton Abbot on the previous day, called on tenants of Duchy of Cornwall farms, first visiting Dorchester. From there she drove through gaily beflagged streets to Maumbury Rings, just south of the town, a Roman amphitheatre considered one of the finest of its kind in England. It is an oval earthwork covered by grass, the enclosing rampart of which rises 30 ft. There her Majesty received an address by the Mayor of Dorchester and, in a graceful reply, referred to the happy coincidence that her visit occurred in the 250th anniversary year of the raising of The Dorsetshire Regiment; and also spoke of her familiarity with the Wessex Country through the Thomas Hardy novels. Her Majesty then proceeded to Middle Farm and Maiden Castle Farm, and was driven in a Land Rover to the top of the Maiden Castle remains; and inspected the excavations of this remarkable Celtic construction.

## THE QUEEN AND GREENLAND EXPLORERS.

Her Majesty the Queen, on July 1, one of the hottest days of the recent almost tropical spell in London, inspected the members of the British North Greenland Expedition, of which she is Patron. The Norwegian sealer *Tottan*, in which the party expected to sail last week, was made fast at Tower Pier for the Royal inspection, and before going aboard her Majesty spoke to each of the twenty-four men, who were presented to her by the leader of the expedition, Commander Courtland Simpson, R.N. Although they were dressed in thick waterproof and windproof clothing with fur collars, the explorers told the Queen that they were no hotter than anyone else, as protective clothing keeps out heat as well as cold. All the three fighting Services are represented in the expedition, which is expected to last for two years. The Royal Navy and the Army have lent officers, petty officers and N.C.O.s, and the R.A.F. has provided flying-boats and crews. Her Majesty took part in a service of dedication on board.



THE QUEEN INSPECTING THE BRITISH NORTH GREENLAND EXPEDITION EQUIPMENT: HER MAJESTY ON BOARD THE NORWEGIAN SEALER *TOTTAN*, EXAMINING A TENT.



A ROYAL INSPECTION OF COLD-WEATHER EQUIPMENT DURING THE HEAT-WAVE: HER MAJESTY, IN A SUMMERY DRESS, REMARKING ON THE SEALSKIN BOOTS WORN BY ONE OF THE BRITISH NORTH GREENLAND EXPEDITION.





# THE SCENE OF THE XV. OLYMPIAD, IN WHICH BRITISH ATHLETES ARE COMPETING AGAINST THE

On these pages we reproduce a drawing giving an air view of the Olympic Stadium at Helsinki, where the XV. Olympiad is due to open on July 19, so that our readers may gain some idea of the setting of the Games. It was built for the 1940 Olympiad, which was not held, owing to the war; but has been enlarged and the tower in the foreground added. The drawing shows the following important points, numbered so that they can be picked out:

(1) Trotting tracks; (2) Olympic Village; (3) Velodrome; (4) Fredrikssberg railway station; (5) Riding Stadium; (6) Lawn Tennis Courts; (7) Training places; (8) Nordevsköldgatan, a street in Helsinki; (9) Zoological Gardens; (10) Swimming Stadium; (11) Olympic Stadium; (12) "Soccer" Stadium; and (13) Fair. This year representatives of 71 nations are competing, a big advance on the previous highest figure of 59 at London in 1948. Russia, West Germany and Japan are

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL



# CREAM OF SEVENTY OTHER NATIONS: AN AIR VIEW OF THE STADIUM AT HELSINKI, FINLAND.

newcomers since the war. In our last week's issue we illustrated the kindling of the Olympic flame in the ancient Stadium of Olympia, in Greece. It was relayed by runners to Athens, where it was welcomed by King Paul of the Hellenes. The journey to Aalborg, Denmark, was continued by air, and thence it is being taken by torchbearers to Helsinki for the opening of the Games on July 19. The selected British athletes' team consists of 50 men and 16 women, and is captained by H. Whittle, ARTIST, BRYAN DE GRENEAU.

who led the victorious British team for the European Championships of 1950. The Olympic Games consist of contests in seventeen sports; and the British contingent for Helsinki will number, all told, over 200 competitors, accompanied by numerous officials. The Duke of Edinburgh has arranged to leave London on July 18, arriving at Helsinki on July 26 for the Games, after having paid a private visit to the King and Queen of Sweden. The Duke of Kent has planned to accompany him.



WHEN my last article on Korea, "A State of Observation," was written, Field Marshal Lord Alexander's tour in the Far East had begun. It appeared in the issue of June 21, and no change in the situation had then occurred. Since then a military action, the bombing attack on the hydro-electric power stations south of the Yalu, has brought up fundamental issues and become for a time the most important item in the world's news. While I am now writing again on the subject of Korea the political gale is still blowing, but the wind is not quite as high as it was on June 25. That day, I stood on the lawn of All Souls College during the brief pause between the Encania ceremony in the Sheldonian Theatre and luncheon in the College, within a yard of the United States Secretary of State, Mr. Dean Acheson. I reflected upon the suddenness with which statesmen concerned with foreign affairs may nowaday be wrenched away from contemplating a high honour bestowed upon themselves and a pleasant social occasion by an irruption of one of the many political volcanoes which burn beneath the surface. Another distinguished name on the table-plan had been scored through. Mr. Eden was otherwise engaged that afternoon.

The visit of Lord Alexander and Mr. Selwyn Lloyd had clearly been a great success. The Minister of Defence had found the military situation decidedly better than he had expected and better than it had generally been reported. This had naturally been pleasant reading for Washington and for many people in the United States. American opinion does not appear to have resented strongly the criticism which had been voiced in this country over the troubles in the camps for prisoners of war on Koje Island, but American feelings were obviously tender on the subject. It may be said that there had been any amount of inside criticism also, but popular feeling about home and foreign criticism is often very different. It now seems clear that the mistakes made are being rectified—and for the most part have been—in the best possible way, sternly, but at the same time with regard to the dictates of humanity. This question was well on the way to being disposed of when out of a clear sky the attack on the power stations created another even more important and disturbing.

In some quarters there was an outcry before it had been discovered that there had been no prior consultation with partners in the Korean venture. I cannot help feeling that, because this war has, for reasons which have been decided to be good and sufficient, been confined to certain limits, many people seem to consider that it hardly ranks as a war. "Rather hard luck on the Chinese to have Manchuria cut off from light and power when we have agreed that Manchuria should be kept outside the war!" was one phrase which I happened to overhear. The Chinese are not keeping Manchuria outside the war. It is their base, one of their greatest industrial areas. On its airfields are stationed the fighter aircraft provided for them by Russia, great numbers of which could be seen, safe and sound, by pilots who attacked the power stations. From Manchuria the Chinese forces, which have killed and maimed great numbers of American soldiers and considerable numbers of British, are fed and clothed and reinforced. The industrial plants of Manchuria, to a large extent supplied with power from the stations south of the Yalu, are working for the waging of war against our kith and kin. The power stations are a legitimate target as the phrase is used in this war.

That does not take us very far. Nor is it conclusive if we go on to say that the military advantages of the attack, provided it is effective, are manifest. There can indeed be no doubt on that score. Let us deal, before we go any further, with the question of consultation. This was a chapter of accidents. A few hours before the attack—and after Mr. Acheson had left for his visit to Europe—the Joint Chiefs of Staff informed the Acting Secretary of State of what was intended. He and his colleagues did not object. They assumed that the Joint Chiefs were communicating the information to the representatives of the nations taking part in the campaign. So nobody was told, and nobody was asked for comment. The more swollen bureaucracies become, the more prevalent such errors seem to be. What is the business of countless people becomes nobody's business. Yet consultation is a vague word. It is by no means clear whether, under the present arrangements, though everyone admits that partners in Korea should have been informed, any obligation exists for the Joint Chiefs or the Far Eastern Command to take the advice of partners on such a matter. I should say that in principle there was none.

Admittedly, then, a mistake was made, but we do not know what would have been the reactions of

## A WINDOW ON THE WORLD. ALLIANCE IN KOREA.

By CYRIL FALLS,

*Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford.*

the British Government if it had been informed that the attack was about to take place. The next two points to be decided, so far as we can decide them, are whether this action is likely to involve the risk of extending the war and whether it is likely to increase the chance of obtaining an armistice. Neither question is easy to answer. As regards the first, I incline to the view that the risk of spreading the war is a minor one. We may own that trifling causes have led to war—in 1618 the throwing of envoys out of a window

amount to a decisive blow. It may conceivably happen that after a certain period the Chinese will find lack of electric power exercising so hampering an effect upon the maintenance of their forces in Korea that they will become less difficult to deal with. So far as the immediate future is concerned, however, there seems to be small hope of this attack improving the prospect of an armistice. It might, as Mr. Attlee suggested in the first debate on the subject in the House of Commons, exercise the opposite effect. It cannot fail to diminish the risks of the United Nations forces in Korea in the event of a renewed Communist offensive.

In a message published on June 27, the Washington Correspondent of *The Times* wrote that the misunderstanding about consultation was "one which, somebody remarked this morning, proves that Mr. Chester Wilmot is right." This witty comment—perhaps I spoil it by explanation—alludes to Mr. Wilmot's thesis that in the course of the Second World War the United States failed to realise that military decisions ought to conform to political aims. This time the charge may be repeated. It is quite a different matter to allege, as some observers have, that the relations between the United States and Britain stand in need of complete overhaul. By far the most important matter in these relations is the safety of Europe. There not much can be found wrong in the organisation of consultation. Some, of course, find the whole thing wrong, but these are the people who are doing their best to drive a wedge between the two countries. The bulk of opinion and the leaders of the three parties in politics have not expressed themselves as being dissatisfied with the arrangements now in force. This misunderstanding was confined to Korea, which is a special case.

The question arises in what way arrangements about Korea can be improved. I dismiss at once any suggestion that British representation on the armistice delegacy is needed for this purpose. It may be desirable in itself, though Lord Alexander has pointed out that it might afford further opportunity for Communist propaganda. It is not important enough to influence matters on the level of that now under discussion one way or the other. The appointment of a British deputy Chief of Staff to General Mark Clark would certainly ensure closer contact, but the conduct of the war is, and must continue to be, in the hands of the United States. It would be improper for a British deputy Chief of Staff to challenge the decisions of the American command by means of communications with the military authorities in his own country, the substance of which was unknown to United States headquarters. This would put him in an impossible position. So, while there is no inherent objection to such an appointment, it does not entirely fill the bill.

In the present circumstances consultation and discussion ought to be, it appears to me, carried out on the political side, though it would, of course, require co-operation on the military side. The question is a serious one for two reasons: first, on the national side and without regard to party politics, though Britain is playing a smaller part in the war than the United States, the effects of error might be even more serious for her; secondly, because in both countries error brings the business into the orbit of party politics, to the embarrassment of both Governments. It is not probable that this unhappy accident will recur, but even the risk of it should be avoided, and if the political machinery can be adjusted to this end that should be done. The artificial conventions under which this war is being conducted make the problem more difficult than it would be in a greater war into which they did not intrude.

Those who say that we must at all costs keep our end up while maintaining the alliance with the United States are putting the cart before the horse—in a few cases, I fear, with malicious intent. We must above all see to it that the alliance with the United States is maintained, though we also maintain the right to have our opinion heard, on Korea as on other matters which affect our interests. A breach in this alliance might sound the knell of the free world; even a weakening or a coldness in it might be dangerous. The attribution to the United States of designs for which there is no evidence and which would obviously be contrary to American interests may sometimes be sincere, though it is generally a political manoeuvre of a shady kind; whichever it is, honest people should take the greatest care not to further it through thoughtlessness. The events of which I have been writing have caused a sensation, but there is no reason why this should do any permanent harm. If it causes us to reflect on the need for keeping the alliance as strong and as warm as possible it will do good.



"FOR A TIME THE MOST IMPORTANT ITEM IN THE WORLD'S NEWS": THE BOMBING OF THE NORTH KOREAN POWER-PLANTS. AN AERIAL VIEW OF CHOSEN NO. 4 PLANT AFTER THE JUNE 23 RAID, SHOWING THE WRECKED GENERATING PLANT AT THE END OF THE THREE WATER DUCTS.



SMOKE RISING FROM ANOTHER OF THE NORTH-EASTERN KOREAN POWER PLANTS, ONE OF THE FIVE STRUCK IN THE 500-BOMBER RAID OF JUNE 23.

In his article on this page Cyril Falls answers those who have claimed that the Korean hydro-electric power plants were not legitimate targets, thus: "The Chinese are not keeping Manchuria outside the war. It is their base, one of their greatest industrial areas. On its airfields are stationed the fighter aircraft provided for them by Russia, great numbers of which could be seen, safe and sound, by pilots who attacked the power stations. From Manchuria the Chinese forces, which have killed and maimed great numbers of American soldiers and considerable numbers of British, are fed and clothed and reinforced. The industrial plants of Manchuria, to a large extent supplied with power from the stations south of the Yalu, are working for the waging of war against our kith and kin. The power stations are a legitimate target, as the phrase is used in this war." With regard to the success of these raids on the power stations, Lieut-General Barcus, Commander of the U.S. 5th Air Force, stated on June 29 that thirteen electric power plants—which is claimed to be all there are in North Korea—were demolished by the Air Force, Navy and Marine raids on the Suho installations on the Yalu, and those in the north-east of Korea, adding: "I do not think there is a chance in the world that the Suho plant will be operational again in this war, no matter how long the war lasts."

in Prague. Yet to suggest either that Russia is likely to go to war because Chinese power stations have been bombed or that China will attack Hong Kong for the same reason seems a curious argument. Russia will consult her own interests and no others in deciding on peace or war. China will attack Hong Kong if it suits her to do so, if she considers the operation practicable, and if she is prepared to face the reprisals which would result. At all events, that is my opinion, and I do not consider I am reckless by temperament.

On the other hand, I am not disposed to believe that the act will hasten the signature of an armistice. If the material effects of bombing have been exaggerated, its influence upon the mind has been so to an even greater extent. This does not, in any case,



# THE RAIDS ON THE KOREAN POWER STATIONS: AERIAL PHOTOGRAPHS OF SOME OF THE DAMAGE.



A LOW-LEVEL PHOTOGRAPH OF THE FUSEN NO. 1 POWER STATION IN NORTH KOREA, SHOWING THE GUTTED GENERATOR AND CONTROL HOUSES, AND BROKEN PENSTOCKS.



THE KYOSEN NO. 1 PLANT, SHOWING THE END BLOWN OFF THE GENERATOR HOUSE—THE OTHER END WAS ALSO BLASTED; AND THE SHATTERED TRANSFORMER YARD.



KYOSEN NO. 4 PLANT, WITH ITS TRANSFORMER HOUSE COMPLETELY WRECKED, PENSTOCKS SEVERED AND TRANSFORMER YARD BLASTED BY U.S. NAVY AIRCRAFT.

The United Nations air attacks on the North Korean hydro-electric power stations, which have been the subject of so much political debate, have been recently evaluated by the headquarters of the Far East Air Forces. In this statement it is claimed that thirteen power stations have been rendered unserviceable. These are Suiho, on the Korean side of the Yalu River dam; Fusen Nos. 1, 2, 3, and 4; Chosen Nos. 1, 2, 3, and 4; and Kyosen Nos. 1, 2, 3, and 4. The raids were carried out by Fifth Air Force, Navy and Marine aircraft, and it is believed



A PERPENDICULAR VIEW OF KYOSEN NO. 3 PLANT, WHICH SHOWS BROKEN PENSTOCKS (NOTE ESCAPING WATER) AND DIRECT HITS ON GENERATOR AND CONTROL HOUSES.



A LOW-LEVEL PHOTOGRAPH OF CHOSEN NO. 3 POWER PLANT. THE THREE PENSTOCKS ARE SEVERED AND THE GENERATOR HOUSE RECEIVED FOUR DIRECT HITS.

that a crippling blow has been struck at North Korean military preparations and equipment. The plants have suffered no previous attack during the last two years, and were attacked only after it had been determined that they were supplying the electricity used in Communist war factories producing weapons and military supplies, and for the Communists' communications, radar and warning services—in fact, that they were being directly used to carry on a war uninterrupted by truce negotiations.



# ROYAL OCCASIONS IN ENGLAND AND HOLLAND, AND NEWS FROM LONDON, FINLAND AND EGYPT.



PRINCESS BEATRIX OF THE NETHERLANDS (RIGHT, CENTRE), INSTALLED AS "BURGOMASTER" OF A MINIATURE CITY SHE HAD JUST OPENED.

On July 2, Princess Beatrix, Queen Juliana's eldest daughter, who is fourteen, performed her first public duty alone and opened the miniature "city" of Madurodam. This model in which everything is one-twenty-fifth of life size is a memorial to a young Dutch Resistance worker, George Maduro, who died in Buchenwald concentration camp.



THE LAST NIGHT OF LONDON'S TRAMS: THE LAST TO LEAVE CENTRAL LONDON, FESTOONED WITH PASSENGERS, ON THE EMBANKMENT. July 5 saw the last day of London's "Last Tram Week"; and on all the routes that are being changed to buses, there were ceremonials and "last rides" and cheering crowds. The very last tram of all was a No. 40, from Woolwich to the New Cross depot.



CARRYING THE BICYCLES WHICH WILL SOON CARRY THEM: THE JAPANESE OLYMPIC CYCLING TEAM ARRIVING AT THE OLYMPIC VILLAGE, HELSINKI. THE BICYCLES HAVE BEEN DISMANTLED AND ARE PACKED IN THE HUGE SHOULDER-BAGS WITH THE REST OF THE ATHLETES' LUGGAGE.



AT THE QUATERCENTENARY OF KING EDWARD VI. GRAMMAR SCHOOL, EAST RETFORD: H.R.H. THE DUKE OF GLOUCESTER, WITH (LEFT) THE BISHOP OF SOUTHWELL, DR. F. R. BARRY, AND (RIGHT) THE CHAPLAIN, THE REV. E. W. G. LUNN. BEHIND THE DUKE IS THE HEADMASTER, MR. J. C. H. GOVER. THE PARTY LEAVING THE PARISH CHURCH.



EXAMINING AN EXHIBIT OF DUTCH CHEESES: HER MAJESTY, DURING HER VISIT TO THE BRITISH FOOD FAIR AT OLYMPIA.

On July 4, the day before the Minister of Food, Major Lloyd-George, formally opened it to the public, her Majesty paid a private visit to the British Food Fair at Olympia and spent nearly an hour looking at the exhibits. The slogan of the exhibition, which closes on July 19, is "See, sample, try, taste," and the exhibits cover five acres. The Netherlands Institute for the Promotion of Foreign Trade has staged a large exhibit.



IN THE NEW HEADQUARTERS OF B. T. BATSFORD, LTD., THE PUBLISHERS: THE EDITORIAL DIRECTOR, MR. SAMUEL CARR, IN HIS OFFICE IN THE EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY STYLE.

B. T. Batsford Ltd., the publishers and booksellers, have moved their head office from North Audley Street, Mayfair, although their bookshop will remain on those premises. The new offices are in 4, Fitzhardinge Street, Portman Square, in an eighteenth-century building, and the premises have been redecorated in the style of that period.

(RIGHT.) THE NEW EGYPTIAN PRIME MINISTER WITH HIS NEW CABINET.

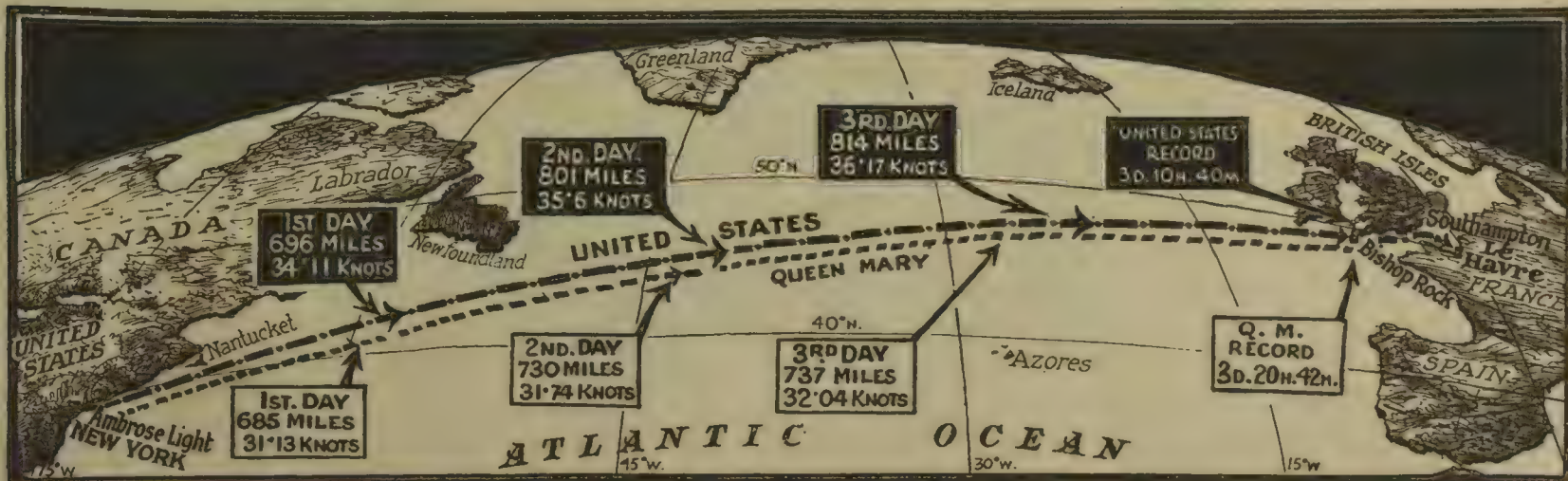
The new Egyptian Cabinet was sworn in on July 2 and is here as it was photographed en route for the Palace. Front row, (l. to r.): Sayed Abdel Wahed Bey (Communications); Kerim Tabet Pasha (Minister of State); Hussein Sirry Pasha (Premier); Sheikh Mahmoud el Sanhour (Religious Foundations); Mahmoud Salah el-Din (Health); Mohamed Ali Kilani Bey (Agriculture). Second row (l. to r.): Abdel Moto Khayyal Bey (Commerce and Industry); Mohamed Ali Rateb Pasha (Rural and Municipal Affairs); Neaguib Ibrahim Pasha (Public Works and Finance); Ahmed Zaky Bey (Social Affairs). At back (l. to r.): Hussein Kamel Ghamwari Bey (Supply), Aly Badawi Bey (Justice), and Mohamed Hashem Pasha (Interior).







THE S.S. UNITED STATES STEAMING UP-CHANNEL FROM THE BISHOP'S ROCK AFTER SHE HAD LOWERED THE QUEEN MARY'S TRANSATLANTIC RECORD BY 10 HOURS AND 2 MINS.  
(BELOW) A CHART SHOWING THE TWO CRUISES, THE QUEEN MARY'S OF 1933, AND THE UNITED STATES, OF THIS MONTH, COMPARED.



#### A NEW TRANSATLANTIC RECORD: THE RECORD-BREAKING MAIDEN VOYAGE OF THE LUXURY LINER UNITED STATES.

The American luxury liner the S.S. *United States*, which has so resoundingly won the "Blue Riband" of the Atlantic on her maiden trip, is 990 ft. long, or 41 ft. shorter than the *Queen Elizabeth* and 27 ft. shorter than the *Queen Mary*. She has a beam of 101 ft., 17 ft. less than the two "Queens," and she would be able just to get through the Panama Canal. Her four high-

pressure steam turbines develop some 165,000 h.p. and she cost about 70,000,000 dollars: 42,000,000 dollars of this was provided by the U.S. Government, and she has been built with a view of rapid conversion to a troop carrier in times of war. Her peacetime complement is 2000 passengers with a crew of 1000; but she can be converted to carry 14,000 troops with their equipment.

(Copyright map, by permission of the "Daily Telegraph.")



# SOME PERSONALITIES AND OCCASIONS OF THE WEEK.



MARSHAL TITO (SALUTING) IN THE BRITISH CRUISER H.M.S. GLASGOW, WHICH HE VISITED AND INSPECTED THE GUARD. (LEFT.) ADMIRAL LORD MOUNTBATTEN.

On June 26 Admiral Lord Mountbatten, C-in-C. Mediterranean, who has been paying courtesy visits in H.M.S. Glasgow to Yugoslav ports, was received on the island of Brioni by Marshal Tito, who gave a luncheon in his honour. Lady Mountbatten, who had been visiting Yugoslav institutions, also attended the luncheon. Later Marshal Tito inspected the guard in H.M.S. Glasgow.



**AIR MARSHAL SIR T. M. WILLIAMS.**  
Appointed Air Officer C-in-C. Home Command, with effect from September 30. Air Marshal Sir Thomas M. Williams has been Inspector-General of the R.A.F. since July, 1951. In January last, his appointment as C-in-C. Far East Air Force was announced, but owing to ill health he could not take it up. He is fifty-two.



**ADMIRAL SIR C. E. DOUGLAS-PENNANT.**

Appointed Commander-in-Chief, The Nore (to take effect in November, 1952). He served in both World Wars, winning the C.B.E. for the Sicilian operations and the D.S.O. in the Normandy landings. In 1950 he became Admiral, British Joint Services Mission, Washington.



**MR. A. D. C. PETERSON.**

The headmaster of Adams Grammar School, Newport, Salop. Mr. A. D. C. Peterson has been released, at the request of General Templer, for two months' duty in Malaya. He has specialised in Far Eastern affairs since 1942. During the war he was a civilian member of the Psychological Warfare staff in S.E.A.C.



**MR. ASGEIR ASGEIRSSON**

Elected President of Iceland on July 1. Mr. Asgeir Asgeirsson was born in 1894, and has been a member of the Althing since 1923. He has held the posts of Director of Education and of Minister of Finance, and from 1930 to 1931 was President of the United Althing. He will be inaugurated on August 1.

# PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE AND EVENTS OF NOTE.



MRS. BA MAUNG CHWIN, BURMA'S ONLY WOMAN CABINET MINISTER, AND OTHER BURMESE PARLIAMENTARIANS WATCHING THE FISH-LADDER AT THE PITLOCHRY DAM. On June 30 members of a Burmese Parliamentary Delegation were welcomed by Lord Listowel when they were entertained at the House of Commons by the Inter-Parliamentary Union. The Burmese Minister of Education, U Aung Than, expressed thanks for the kindnesses they had received. Mrs. Ba Maung Chwin, Minister for Karen Affairs, attended in Burmese dress.



**MR. RICHARD JACK, R.A.**

Died on June 30, at Montreal, aged eighty-five. Mr. Richard Jack, the portrait painter, won the National Scholarship to South Kensington in 1886; there gained the Gold Medal travelling scholarship and was a distinguished student at Julian's, Paris. He exhibited regularly at the Royal Academy (A.R.A., 1914; R.A., 1920) and in Liverpool and abroad. He was honoured by commissions to paint George V., Queen Mary and the Princess Royal. In later years in Canada he painted landscapes.



**MR. ACHESON (LEFT) IN VIENNA: WITH (L. TO R.) MRS. ACHESON, MRS. DONNELLY (WIFE OF THE U.S. AMBASSADOR) AND THE AUSTRIAN PRESIDENT, DR. KÖRNER.**

On June 29 Mr. Dean Acheson, the U.S. Secretary of State, arrived in Vienna and met Dr. Gruber, the Foreign Minister, and the Chancellor, Dr. Figl. A threatened Communist demonstration failed to materialise. On the following day, during which he had talks with both the Ministers mentioned and the President, Mr. Acheson said U.S. troops would remain in Austria until her freedom was assured. On July 1, Mr. Acheson left Vienna by air for Brazil, where he was to meet President Vargas.



**DR. ABRAHAM S. WOLF ROSENBAACH.**

Died at Philadelphia on July 1, aged seventy-five. Dr. A. S. W. Rosenbach, leading American dealer in rare books, graduated from the University of Philadelphia in 1898. In 1901 he received a Ph.D. and two years' fellowship, but entered the book trade, financed by two collectors. Scholar, collector and good man of business, by 1920 he had opened sumptuous premises in New York. His early customers included Henry Elkins Widener, whose library he catalogued in 1913 and 1918.



AFTER THEIR MARRIAGE ON JULY 2: LORD WINCHESTER AND LADY WINCHESTER, FORMERLY MISS BAPSY PAVRY. The marriage of the Marquess of Winchester, premier marquess of England and 16th holder of the title, to Miss Bapsy Pavry, daughter of the late Khurshedji Pavry, a High Priest of the Parsees in India, took place at Caxton Hall Register Office on July 2. The bride wore a white satin sari with silver embroidery, an heirloom in her family. Lord Winchester, who was born in 1862, has been twice married before, and twice a widower.



**CAPTAINING ETON IN THE ETON V. HARROW MATCH: PETER L. STODDART.**

This year's Eton v. Harrow match at Lord's, July 11-12, is the 117th or the 116th between the two schools, the figure depending on whether the 1805 game (the first) is considered a regular match or not. The scorebook of this first game, in which the poet Lord Byron played, has just been discovered. The Harrow captain, Robin Feather, is playing for his third year in the XI. Both captains are shortly going into the Army.



**CAPTAINING HARROW IN THE ETON V. HARROW MATCH: ROBIN FEATHER.**



**KING TALAL OF JORDAN, AT LAUSANNE, GIVES A RIDE ON HIS SHOULDERS TO HIS YOUNG SON, PRINCE HASSAN.** King Talal of Jordan, who has been recently staying in Lausanne, announced on June 20 that he was returning to Amman, his capital, and on June 23 met his wife Queen Zeine and the Prime Minister of Jordan. On July 3, after travelling by land, sea and air, he reached Amman, where he was given a loyal and affectionate welcome. He is returning, not as ruler, but for rest and care, his powers being transferred to a Council of Regency.



# HENLEY WINNERS AND RECORD-BREAKERS IN A BRILLIANT ROYAL REGATTA.



LEANDER (RIGHT)—BRITAIN'S OLYMPIC EIGHT—BEATING SYDNEY—AUSTRALIA'S OLYMPIC EIGHT—IN THE GRAND CHALLENGE CUP IN THE RECORD TIME OF 6 MINS. 38 SECS.



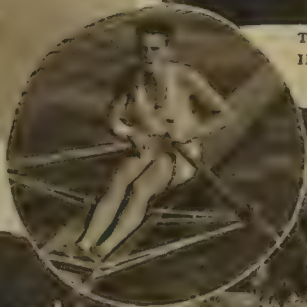
THE FINAL OF THE STEWARDS' CUP IN WHICH THE HOLDERS, THAMES R.C. "A" (LEFT), ARE SEEN BEATING LONDON R.C. "A" BY TWO LENGTHS IN 7 MINS. 24 SECS.



THE FINAL OF THE SILVER GOBLET WITH H. C. I. BYWATER AND T. M. CHRISTIE (WESTMINSTER HOSPITAL) BEATING D. A. T. LEADLEY AND J. N. KING (EMMANUEL, CAMBRIDGE) BY  $1\frac{1}{2}$  LENGTHS IN 8 MINS. 6 SECS.



RADLEY BEATING MONKTON COMBE BY HALF A LENGTH IN 7 MINS. IN THE PRINCESS ELIZABETH CUP. (INSET, RIGHT) M. T. WOOD (AUSTRALIA), WINNER OF THE DIAMOND CHALLENGE SCULLS.



CORPUS CHRISTI, CAMBRIDGE, IN THE COLLEGE'S SEXCENTENARY YEAR, WINNING THE WYFOLD CUP EASILY FROM WORCESTER, OXFORD, IN THE TIME OF 7 MINS. 28 SECS.

Despite some indifferent weather on the second and part of the third days, Henley Royal Regatta attracted very large crowds; and the condition of wind and water was such that some very fast times were registered. Perhaps owing to the near approach of the Olympic Games there were six fewer entries than last year's record total of 167. The Leander Club eight, which is to represent Great Britain in the Olympics, put up some brilliant performances, and when beating London R.C. in the semi-final of the Grand Challenge Cup they equalled the record of



HENLEY RECORD-BREAKERS: PEMBROKE, CAMBRIDGE, "A" BEATING TRINITY, OXFORD, "A" BY  $1\frac{1}{2}$  LENGTHS IN THE FINAL OF THE VISITORS' CUP IN 7 MINS. 14 SECS.



THE FINAL OF THE DOUBLE SCULLS IN WHICH R. GEORGE AND J. VAN STICHEL (BELGIUM) BEAT J. RODGERS AND M. RILEY (AUSTRALIA) EASILY IN 7 MINS. 37 SECS.



THE UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA (LEFT) BEATING CHRIST'S, CAMBRIDGE, IN THE THAMES CHALLENGE CUP BY  $1\frac{1}{2}$  LENGTHS IN 7 MINS. 3 SECS. THE SEMI-FINAL TIMES WERE CONSIDERABLY FASTER.



THE FINAL OF THE LADIES' CHALLENGE PLATE: LADY MARGARET R.C. BEATING TRINITY HALL, CAMBRIDGE, BY  $1\frac{1}{2}$  LENGTHS IN 6 MINS. 50 SECS. THE HALL HAD RUDDER TROUBLE.

6 mins. 44 secs. In the final, however, they met Australia's Olympic eight, Sydney R.C., and beat them by half a length in the record time of 6 mins. 38 secs. There was a record also in the Visitors' Cup when Pembroke, Cambridge, "A" beat Trinity, Oxford, "A" in 7 mins. 14 secs. In the Diamonds M. T. Wood (Australia) beat the holder, T. A. Fox (London R.C.), by  $2\frac{1}{2}$  lengths in 8 mins. 12 secs. In the Thames, Christ's caught a crab when they looked like beating the University of Pennsylvania, the holders.





WHEN AN ENGLISH FIFTEEN-YEAR-OLD GIRL WON THE LADIES' SINGLES AT WIMBLEDON: MISS L. DOD, AND OTHER LEADING LAWN TENNIS PLAYERS OF 1887, IN PLAY; ILLUSTRATING THE SPORTS FASHIONS OF SIXTY-FIVE YEARS AGO.

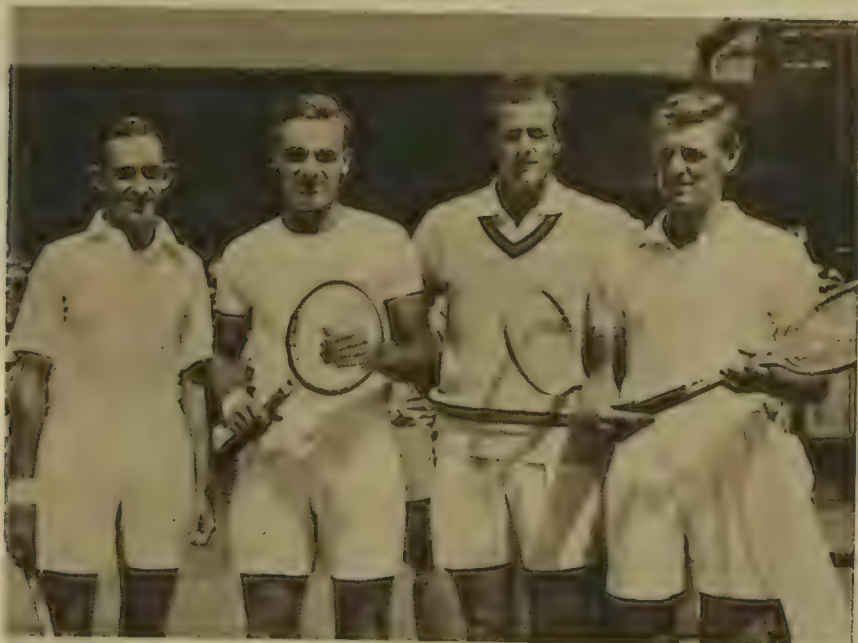
On our facing page we illustrate the Lawn Tennis Champions who have won the 1952 laurels at Wimbledon, and recall that in 1887 Miss Dod won the Women's Singles at the age of fifteen, and was thus a younger Champion than Miss Maureen Connolly. On this page we reproduce sketches of Lawn Tennis Champions in play at Wimbledon in 1887, from *The Sporting and Dramatic News* of July 16 in that year. The description of the play

runs as follows: "The Ladies' Championship was signalled by the appearance of Miss L. Dod, a young lady of not yet sixteen, who this year, her third of public play, has not lost a set even on level terms. . . . Miss Dod's play is remarkable for the severity and accuracy of the drive, though the lady is a remarkably good volleyer." It is interesting to recall that the Champion of 1887 is still alive and resides in Kensington.

Reproduced by courtesy of "The Sporting and Dramatic News" (now "Sport and Country.")



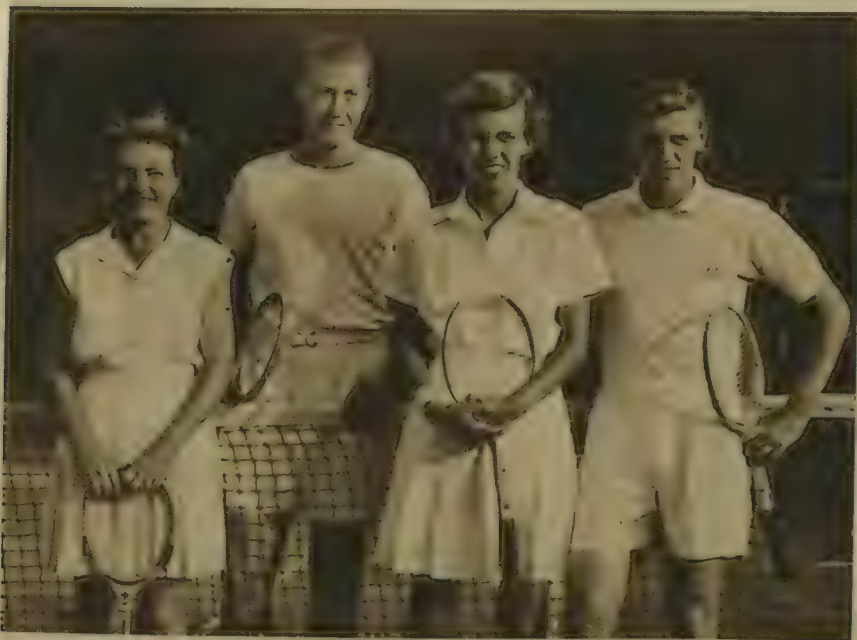
# THE LAWN TENNIS CHAMPIONSHIPS 1952: WIMBLEDON WINNERS AND RUNNERS-UP.



THE MEN'S DOUBLES: KEN MCGREGOR AND F. SEDGMAN (AUSTRALIA; THIRD AND FOURTH FROM LEFT), WHO RETAINED THEIR TITLE BY BEATING E. STURGES (SOUTH AFRICA) AND V. SEIXAS (U.S.A.; L. TO R.) IN THE FINAL BY 6-3, 7-5, 6-4.



THE WOMEN'S DOUBLES: MISS SHIRLEY FRY AND MISS DORIS HART (LEFT, L. TO R.), WHO RETAINED THEIR TITLE BY BEATING MISS LOUISE BROUGH (THIRD FROM LEFT) AND MISS MAUREEN CONNOLLY BY 8-6, 6-3, IN THE ALL-U.S.A. FINAL.



THE MIXED DOUBLES: F. SEDGMAN (AUSTRALIA) AND MISS HART (U.S.A.; RIGHT), WHO RETAINED THEIR TITLE BY BEATING MRS. THELMA LONG (AUSTRALIA) AND ENRICO MOREA (ARGENTINE) IN THE FINAL BY 4-6, 6-3, 6-4.

The All-England Lawn Tennis Championship finals were played in brilliant weather on July 4 and 5, and brought a memorable Wimbledon to a close. Miss Maureen Connolly's victory in the Women's Singles at the age of seventeen is remarkable, but not unique, as Miss Dod won the title in 1887 at the age of fifteen. Miss Connolly beat Miss Louise Brough (who has held the title three times) in one of the best finals ever seen in the Women's Singles. Her ground strokes, executed with accuracy and great pace, won her the match. But splendid though Miss Connolly's win was, the glory of Wimbledon belongs to Australia this year. Frank Sedgman is the first Australian to win three Wimbledon titles, and only the fifth player to achieve this. His doubles record is outstanding.



THE LADIES' SINGLES: MISS MAUREEN CONNOLLY, THE WINNER, RECEIVING HER TROPHY FROM H.R.H. THE DUCHESS OF KENT. SHE BEAT MISS L. BROUGH (LEFT) IN THE ALL-U.S.A. FINAL BY 7-5, 6-3.



THE MEN'S SINGLES: F. SEDGMAN (AUSTRALIA; LEFT) HOLDING THE TROPHY, WITH J. DROBNY (EGYPT), THE RUNNER-UP, WHOM HE DEFEATED BY 4-6, 6-2, 6-3, 6-2 IN THE FINAL, PLAYED ON FRIDAY, JULY 4.

He won the American National title with J. Bromwich in 1950, and since then has not been beaten in a major doubles contest. He has won the American national title twice, the Australian twice, the French twice, and now the Wimbledon title twice. Including two Davis Cup matches, this makes ten vital doubles he has won, partnered by Bromwich in the first two and by K. McGregor in the last eight. Miss Hart and Miss S. Fry retained their doubles title against Miss Connolly and Miss Brough. The new champion is not yet as strong and skilled in doubles as in singles; and after her gruelling final Miss L. Brough may well have been a little tired. On our facing page we reproduce contemporary sketches of Wimbledon players in 1887.



# FOUR CENTURIES OF SIR PHILIP SIDNEY'S OLD SCHOOL.

"A HISTORY OF SHREWSBURY SCHOOL: 1552-1952"; By J. BASIL OLDHAM.\*

An Appreciation by SIR JOHN SQUIRE.

I HAVE often wondered why, in this age of "Series," some publisher hasn't (if one has, I have been unaware of it) issued a series of volumes recording the histories of all the principal Public Schools. Most of them, I suppose, have had their historians, some of them with an eye solely to the Old Boy public, and some of them aware of the place of the schools in national history and the social fabric. But the volumes have been sporadic and far from uniform in scope and treatment. Were there such a series, Mr. Oldham's book (with certain qualifications which I shall mention later) would certainly be an ornament to it.

Shrewsbury is one of the post-Reformation schools. There are many whose names indicate post-Reformation foundation, bearing the name of King Edward VI., which were merely "refounded" in his reign, he himself having no more to do with the actual start than Lenin had at Leningrad or Stalin at Stalingrad. But the history of Shrewsbury School definitely begins in the middle of the sixteenth century: a Charter, now in the School Library, was granted in February, 1552, in response to a petition from the Bailiffs and Burgesses of the town and the inhabitants of the neighbouring country. From the beginning it was more than a grammar school run merely for the benefit of local boys. "... The first name on the first school list, of 1562, is that of a boy, Philip Stringer, from Buckinghamshire, and the early entries in the School Register include names of boys from Cheshire, Herefordshire, Lancashire, Rutland and other counties. But, whether many boys came from long distances or not, it would be a profound mistake to think—as has often been thought locally, with the result of many misunderstandings—that Shrewsbury School, or probably any other of the Edwardian foundations, was intended for the townspeople alone. In Ashton's school list of 1562 there are 266 boys, each of whom has *ali* or *op* against his name, standing for *alienus*, one who came from outside the town, and *oppidanus*, a town boy, and there are 133 of each." The earliest of the illustrious Old Boys, Sir Philip Sidney and Fulke Greville, Lord Brooke, poets and intimate friends, who entered the school on the same day in 1564, came from far afield: in 1586 Camden said that Shrewsbury was "the largest school in all England." What led to this sudden florescence, when communications were so bad, I cannot say: I have heard it stated, I do not know with what authority, that Stratford-upon-Avon Grammar School, where Shakespeare is presumed (there is no proof whatever) to have been educated, was also a very large school with a national reputation. It must be presumed that, in an age with a rush of New Learning to its head, schools swelled rapidly because of rumours of the ability and scholarship of their Head Masters, just as Balliol reached great fame under Jowett.

Like all except a very few of the old schools, Shrewsbury had its ups and downs, sometimes dwindling almost to nothingness, and then growing again. A series of great headmasters, Butler, Kennedy and Moss, put it firmly and finally on its feet, and in Kennedy's time it reached a supremacy in classics such as no other school has ever achieved. At Cambridge Kennedy's pupils won, "apart from lesser honours, 23 Porson Prizes, 19 Browne Medals, 9 Chancellor's Medals and 19 University Scholarships. Mere college scholarships were, of course, taken for granted, and, until recently, not allowed to be recorded on any honour boards whatever at the School. Further, eleven of his pupils were Senior Classics, and thirteen others Second or Third Classics, one of whom, H. M. Gwatkin, showed an amazing catholicity by gaining a First Class in four different Triposes: Classics, Mathematics, Theology and Moral Science. It was stated by Kennedy that he would certainly have done the same had he had time to take the Natural Science Tripos as well, and 'it would have been the easiest of his feats' to take a First Class in the Historical Tripos if it had been instituted before he took his degree."

I remember seeing this prodigy when I was an undergraduate. Some caprice took me to the Divinity School to hear him lecture, I think on Byzantine Church History. Nose and spectacles were glued to his notes and he mumbled incomprehensibly through his beard: or, as Mr. P. G. Wodehouse would say, "Down in the forest something stirred." He was alleged to have said once, in the middle of some such lecture: "I went to the New Forest to find beetles and there I met Mrs. Gwatkin."

One reservation I must make about this book, from the point of view of the general reader. The

author has contrived to make his book extremely interesting to the general reader, but he has left a great deal out, referring

us for certain information to other books about the School. Well, I suppose that Old Salopians, if they don't already possess copies of these other books, will proceed to procure them, on Mr. Oldham's recommendation. But the rest of us can't be expected to do that. One thing I have in common with the vast majority of my fellow-countrymen: I wasn't at Shrewsbury. Many other things, of course, I have in common: I wasn't at Oxford, Eton, Harrow, Winchester or the Stow-on-the-Wold Grammar School, and I was never a member of the Rifle Brigade, the Brigade of Guards, the Jockey Club, the Magic Circle, or the Black Market. I have been to Shrewsbury town for one brief visit: I saw certain old buildings, the mediaeval stained-glass windows in (I think) St. Mary's Church, and I went out to wonder at the excavations at Roman Uriconium; but I hadn't time to look at the School. And if I read a book about a school which wasn't mine—and the same thing would apply to a History of a Parish unknown to me—I do hope to find it comprehensive

"It would be tedious," says Mr. Oldham, "to enumerate the athletic distinctions at the Universities achieved by Salopians after they left school." It wouldn't be tedious to me, who am at least as interested in dead Rowing Blues as I am in dead writers of Latin or Greek verses. Surely in any school history, most readers will expect to find a list of Blues; and, in a history of Shrewsbury, a list of Rowing Blues in particular. Mr. Oldham has several pages about rowing, but he is mostly concerned with the performances of "present" rather than of "past" boys. Yet I should say, at a guess, that, during the last fifty years, Salopians have cut a greater figure on the river than the old boys of any other school except Eton, and have pulled their weight in those superb L.M.B.C. crews (from St. John's College, Cambridge, with which Shrewsbury has such old and intimate links) which have been the backbone of recent Cambridge crews. And I conceive that Old Salopians, just as much as non-Salopians, would have welcomed lists of these eminent performers.

Not that information about athletics isn't here in some plenty. A good many interesting things are recorded. One is that no Salopian cricketer has ever played in a Test match. Another is that, although the School still remains, in an antediluvian manner, faithful to Soccer, two Old Boys have been Rugby Internationals. And, whatever the omissions, the whole book is delightful reading to any person historically inclined.

The illustrations are many and varied. At the end there is a catalogue of eminent Salopians, excluding the living. Besides Greville and Sidney, these include Sir R. Crew, most eminent of Chief Justices, Abraham Fraunce, the poet, Halifax the "Trimmer," Judge Jeffreys, Sir Littleton Powys, Ambrose Philips ("namby-pamby"), Dr. Burney, General Sir John Floyd, Charles Darwin, Faber, Archbishop Thomson, Lord Thring, H. A. J. Munro, "Erewhon" Butler, Sir George Grierson, T. E. Page, Stanley Weyman, H. W. Nevinson, Sir Owen Seaman, H. Page Croft, and a host of bishops and scholars.

Novels are reviewed by K. John, and other books by E. D. O'Brien, on page 72 of this issue.



MR. J. B. OLDHAM, AUTHOR OF THE BOOK "A HISTORY OF SHREWSBURY SCHOOL: 1552-1952," REVIEWED ON THIS PAGE. Mr. James Basil Oldham was born in 1882, and educated at Shrewsbury School and Christ Church, Oxford. He was assistant master, Shrewsbury School, 1908-32; and founded a new House, and was housemaster of it from 1911 to 1932. Appointed School Librarian in 1910, he still holds the post. He was Sanders Reader in Bibliography in the University of Cambridge, 1949. His principal publications are "Shrewsbury School Library Bindings" (1943) and "English Blind-stamped Bindings" (June, 1952).



SCHOOL LIFE IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY: A BEDROOM IN DOCTOR'S HALL, 1854. FROM A DRAWING BY SAMUEL BUTLER, WHEN AT SCHOOL.

"At the Old School the bedrooms contained three, to six beds, but an extra charge of four guineas a year was made in Butler's time to parents who wished their sons to have a single bed to themselves." Samuel Butler, Jr. (1835-1902) was the grandson of Dr. Samuel Butler, the Headmaster, whose portrait by Thomas Kirby we reproduce below.



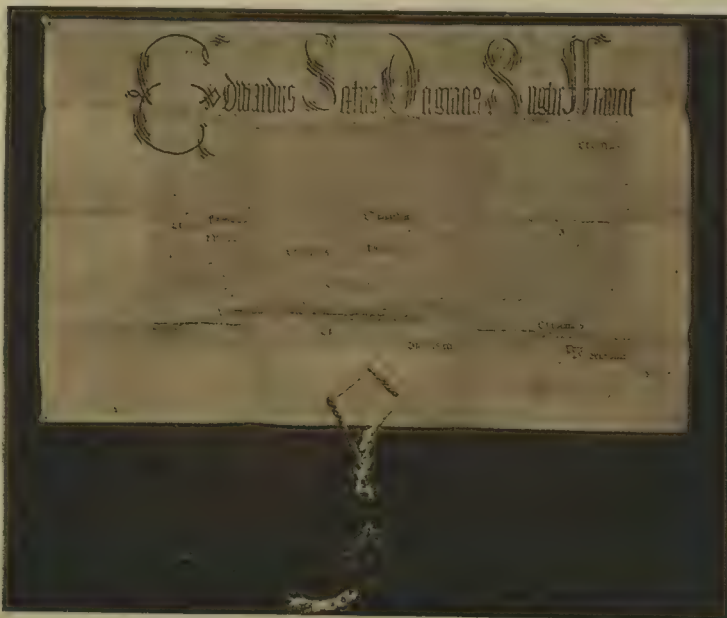
HEADMASTER FROM 1798 TO 1836: DR. SAMUEL BUTLER. "Samuel Butler took up in 1798 what must have seemed an almost forlorn hope of building up the School again... the thirty-eight years of his headmastership constitute little less than a refounding..."



HEADMASTER FROM 1836 TO 1866: DR. BENJAMIN HALL KENNEDY. Dr. Kennedy, who became headmaster at the age of thirty-one, has been described as "the greatest classical teacher of the century." His name as author of the Latin Primer is familiar to all classical schoolboys.



HEADMASTER FROM 1866 TO 1908: DR. HENRY WHITEHEAD MOSS. "Moss's claim to greatness lies essentially in the foresight which he showed in initiating the idea of the removal of the School and the persistent courage with which he carried it through." He served the School with devotion.



NOW IN THE SCHOOL LIBRARY: SHREWSBURY SCHOOL FOUNDATION CHARTER, FEBRUARY 10, 1552. "In 1561 Thomas Ashton laid the real foundation of the School... But it was on February 10, 1552, that the Charter, now in the School Library, was actually granted by Edward VI. for the foundation of *Libera Schola Grammaticalis Regis Edwardi Sexti*, though the history of its years before Ashton's appointment is very obscure."

Reproductions from the book "A History of Shrewsbury School: 1552-1952," by courtesy of the Publisher, Basil Blackwell, Oxford.

N.B.—Colour Supplement included here.

\* "A History of Shrewsbury School: 1552-1952." By J. Basil Oldham, M.A. (Oxon). Illustrated. (Basil Blackwell: Oxford; 25s.)





**JEWEL-LIKE MOSAICS, FLOWERS, INSECTS AND A SALAMANDER IMPRISONED IN CRYSTAL:  
OLD GLASS PAPER-WEIGHTS OF OUTSTANDING WORKMANSHIP.**

Superlative craftsmanship produced the antique glass paper-weights now so highly prized. We illustrate examples from the collection of the late Mrs. Applewhaite-Abbott, which were due for sale at Sotheby's on July 1. At the top left is a rare Clichy yellow-ground example (3 ins.); at the top right a Caterpillar weight of hitherto unrecorded type (3½ ins.), probably Clichy. On the left of the centre row is a rare St. Louis Mushroom weight inscribed "S.L.", and dated 1848 (3 ins.); and on the right an

extremely rare and fine Salamander weight (4½ ins.), the largest weight of this type so far recorded. At the bottom left is a rare Baccarat weight, with an unusual chequer design of turquoise rods on a *laticinio* gauze ground, each square containing a different florette or silhouette cane, dated 1849 (3½ ins.); and at the bottom right a fine Baccarat Butterfly weight, the insect hovering at one side of a most unusual type of flower (3½ ins.). Those weights were expected to realise high prices.

N.B.—The Salamander Weight realised £1300 and the Caterpillar Weight £1200 in the July 1 sale.





A YACHTING COLOUR SCHEME ON THE FORTH: THE DRAGON CLASS *DEFORMILLA*, WHICH HAS, LIKE MANY OTHER BOATS, ADOPTED THE MODERN FASHION OF HAVING GAILY-DYED SAILS.



BOWLING ALONG: ONE OF THE LOCAL SCOTTISH ISLANDS' ONE-DESIGN CLASS ROLLING HEAVILY AS SHE SCUDS BEFORE A STRONG BREEZE ON THE CLYDE. THE CLYDE FORTNIGHT WAS DUE TO OPEN ON JULY 5 AND CONTINUE TILL JULY 16.



MAKING GOOD GOING IN IDEAL CONDITIONS ON THE CLYDE: *STORMALONG*, ONE OF THE FLYING FIFTEEN CLASS. THESE BOATS ARE A NEW CONCEPTION OF A KEELED CRAFT WITH THE LIVELY PERFORMANCE OF A DINGHY.



ON THE BEAT BACK FROM ASHTON (GOURCK) TO HUNTER'S QUAY: *CHEROKEE*, A CLYDE 8-METRE. THE CLYDE IS THE LAST CENTRE IN GREAT BRITAIN WHERE THIS CLASS RACED REGULARLY.



SPINNAKERS FILLED: KING (LEFT), A 6-METRE, AND THE DRAGON *ARGE II*, A STRIKING PAIR AS THEY RUN TOGETHER ACROSS THE MOUTH OF LOCH LONG IN LATE AFTERNOON SUN.



SPINNAKER PARADE: THESE DRAGON-CLASS SLOOPS MAKE A PRETTY PICTURE AS THEY SPIN BEFORE THE BREEZE WITH THEIR SPINNAKERS SET.



SPARKLING CLYDE: TWO OF THE 8-METRE CLASS BOWLING UP THE FORTH. THE LEADING BOAT'S BLUE NYLON SPINNAKER SCINTILLATING IN SUNSHINE.



BEFORE THE BREEZE: PLEASANT SAILING IN THE DRAGON CLASS. THE CLYDE WAS THE FIRST BRITISH CENTRE TO ADOPT THE POPULAR INTERNATIONAL ONE-DESIGN CLASS.

# WITH WHITE AND COLOURED SAILS FILLING IN THE FRESH BREEZES OF THE FORTH AND THE

During the famous Clyde Fortnight, from July 5 until July 16, yachting interest is focused on Scotland, where our fine colour photographs were taken by Mr. Ian G. Gilchrist, A.R.P.S., who has also supplied some notes about the craft they depict. He points out that, though present-day trends in the sailing world, both in yachting and in cruising, show a continued decline in the size of individual craft, the sport or pastime grows more

popular every year. Its devotees are only more dispersed, sailing their own small *One-Designs*, racing dinghies and the like. In place of the stately sloops and cutters of the International 12, 8-, or 6-metre classes, we now have *Flying Fifteens* and such "natural" phenomena as *Dragons*, *Fireflies*, *Tornados*, *Snipes* to dominate our regatta programmes. Another outward symptom of modern conditions is the gradual adoption of

# CLYDE: MODERN YACHTS, INCLUDING THE POPULAR ONE-DESIGNS, DRAGONS AND FLYING FIFTEENS.

colour in both the topsides and canvas where, hitherto, nothing but the traditional white has been considered truly yacht-like. Like that of diminishing size, this change has been more or less forced on the owner-skipper-cum-deckhand confronted with the task of keeping his "dream-ship" trim and shipshape in the face of such "civilising" odds as oil-polluted waters, smoke-filled atmosphere and the ravages of mildew when he has

to stow still damp, salt-laden sails in time to catch his train back to town, if he and his crewing friends are to make the most of precious sailing time. Canvas can be treated against mildew and rot without it being dyed, but the coloured sails have always been so treated. The 8-metres, which have raced as a class regularly for several post-war years right up to the end of last season, are not turning out this season.

Colour photographs by Ian G. Gilchrist, A.R.P.S.





A SECTION OF THE FINEST OF THE IMMENSE THIRD-CENTURY A.D. MOSAICS RECENTLY UNCOVERED AT PIAZZA ARMERINA, IN SICILY: PART OF THE GREAT HUNTING SERIES WHICH DECORATES A CORRIDOR SEVENTY YARDS LONG AND SIX YARDS WIDE. ABOVE, A LEOPARD AND A LION ATTACKING ANTELOPES; WITH (BELOW) HUNTSMEN DRIVING AWAY A CAPTURED ANIMAL IN A CAGE.

IN our issue of December 22, 1951, we told of the discovery of an immense series of mosaics which had recently been revealed at Piazza Armerina, in Eastern Sicily; and we gave a number of photographs of what are claimed as the finest and largest Roman mosaics of the third century A.D. yet discovered. Later, on March 8, we published a further sequence of photographs on this subject, together with an article by the field director of the excavations, Signor G. V. Gentili, of the Antiquities Department of Eastern Sicily. The villa is of very great size, and dates, with its mosaics, from about the middle of the third century A.D., and its occupation continued for some centuries; and as it is of positively Imperial splendour, it is surprising that there are no literary references to it. One can only suppose it to have been created by some immensely wealthy patrician who lived in magnificent seclusion, some "Marius the Epicurean"—a theory borne out by the fact that to date there have been no Christian symbols found in all the expanse of mosaic. These mosaics are, for the most

[Continued above, right.



POSSIBLY THE OWNER OF THE SPLENDID PALACE OF WHICH THESE MOSAICS WERE THE GLORY: A ROMAN PATRICIAN, WITH HIS ARMED BODYGUARD, WHO IS PORTRAYED WATCHING THE INNUMERABLE INCIDENTS WHICH MAKE UP THE MOSAIC OF ASPECTS OF THE CHASE.

A MILLIONAIRE'S MOSAICS OF SEVENTEEN HUNDRED YEARS AGO—"A PANORAMA OF THE CHASE," FROM THE FINEST AND LARGEST SERIES OF IMPERIAL ROMAN TIMES.

[Continued.]

part, in excellent preservation and, as our colour photographs show, their colours are brilliant, subtle and lively. Our two subjects are chosen from the same series—an immensely long panel adorning a corridor seventy yards long and six yards wide and devoted to illustrating many aspects of the chase. To quote Signor Gentili: "The long mosaic, like so many pictures in an adventure film, shows various episodes of the chase against a landscape of red rocks and hills, the bases of which are washed by streams and bordered by marshy plains, and showing the animals being loaded on to, and disembarked from, large galleys. In varying scenes wild animals are shown attacking donkeys, wild goats and antelopes; wild animals being hunted by men with long spears; the capturing of the animals in large cages or with long ropes; and the carrying-off of the tiger cubs by a horseman who, by crossing the narrow gangway, embarks in the river vessel, after having distracted the pursuing tigress by abandoning one of the cubs, at the sight of which the animal's rage gives way to maternal solicitude."





**HER GRACIOUS MAJESTY QUEEN ELIZABETH II.: THE FIRST FORMAL OFFICIAL PORTRAIT OF HER REIGN.**

This new portrait of her Majesty the Queen, the first formal official photograph taken since her accession, shows her wearing a dress of ivory brocade woven with gold and turquoise thread, and with a turquoise velvet neck-line. The magnificent diamond necklace she wears was a wedding present from the

Nizam of Hyderabad, the diamond bracelet a gift from the Duke of Edinburgh, and the splendid circlet of diamonds and pearls arranged in a pattern of cross pattée, and the shamrock, rose and thistle, was worn by Queen Victoria and by subsequent Queens of England.

*Portrait by Dorothy Wilding.*



THE QUEEN'S VISIT TO THE ROYAL SHOW AT NEWTON ABBOT:  
EXHIBITS AND DISPLAYS ADMIRIED BY HER MAJESTY.



THE CHAMPION HUNTER FILLY IN THE BREEDING CLASSES AT THE ROYAL SHOW, NEWTON ABBOT, JUDGED ON JULY 1, MR. R. E. MANSFIELD'S COBLET LASS.



CHAMPION MARE IN THE WELSH MOUNTAIN PONY CLASS: MISS M. BRODRICK'S COED OCH HIRADIG. THE SAME EXHIBITOR'S COED COCH MADOG, STALLION, WAS RESERVE.



THE QUEEN'S VISIT TO THE ROYAL SHOW: WILD ROSE AND PIPPEY. NEWTON ABBOT HAD



THE BEST SHETLAND PONY IN THE SHOW: MR. J. E. KERR'S HAVIERSTOUN RUAN. THIS CLASS WAS JUDGED ON JULY 1, WHEN THE PRINCESS ROYAL VISITED THE SHOW.



CHAMPION SUFFOLK MARE: MR. G. R. COLSON'S MAGNIFICENT QUEEN. THE SHIRE AND SUFFOLK ENTRIES TOTALLED FIFTY-THREE EACH.

THE Royal Agricultural Society of England held its annual show, the great display known as "The Royal," at Newton Abbot this year. Unhappily the outbreaks of foot-and-mouth disease in the country stopped the exhibition of cattle, sheep, pigs and goats, and so, for many farmers, the display was bereft of the features which interest them most. But, for all that, the Show was a very great occasion. The horse classes were strong, there were most interesting exhibits which indicate the progress which British farming continues to make in mechanization, and there was a splendid display of flowers, and competitions such as the horsemanship contest by blacksmiths in the forges. On the opening day the Princess Royal visited the Show, and on July 2 her Majesty the Queen was welcomed at Newton Abbot and spent some six and a half hours at the Show.

(Continued opposite.)



WATCHING WITH OBVIOUS INTEREST A DISPLAY OF BLACKSMITH'S SKILL: HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN LOOKING ON DURING THE HORSESHOE-MAKING COMPETITION AT THE FORGES.



INSPECTING THE PRIZE-WINNERS OF THE HEAVY-HORSE CLASSES: HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN, WHO VISITED THE MAIN RING ON THREE OCCASIONS. THERE WERE 25 CLYDESDALES ON VIEW AND 27 PERCHERONS.



HER MAJESTY ADMIRING MRS. CALMADY HAMLYN'S HER MAJESTY'S NOT WELCOMED A BRITISH SOVEREIGN SINCE 1625.

THE ROYAL SHOW WITHOUT CLOVEN-HOOFED ANIMALS:  
FINE HORSE AND PONY EXHIBITS AND A COMPETITION.



WINNER OF THE SUPREME CHAMPIONSHIP OF THE BREED: MR. A. S. RICKWOOD'S PERCHERON, CHATELAIN LADY PAIR. HER DAM WITH FOAL AT FOOT WAS ALSO AWARDED A PRIZE.



THE CHAMPION EXMOOR STALLION: CAPTAIN F. HOWICK'S ALFORD CURLEW. THE PONY CLASSES INCLUDED EXMOOR, DARTMOOR, SHETLAND AND WELSH MOUNTAIN BREEDS.



THE QUEEN AT THE ROYAL SHOW: HER MAJESTY IS PETTING THE PIT PONY FOMMY OF THORNEY PIT, EAST MIDLANDS, WHICH WAS ON VIEW. SHE SPENT OVER SIX HOURS AT THE SHOW ON JULY 2.



WINNER OF THE ATHLONE CUP AND THE WALWYN CUP JUMPING COMPETITIONS: MISS PAT SHYTHE ON HER GREY MARE TORCA.



THE CHAMPION POLO AND RIDING MARE: MISS DE BEAUMONT'S EROSITA. ENTRIES IN THE HORSE CLASSES JUDGED ON THE OPENING DAY WERE 204.

(Continued)  
She was received at the showground entrance by the honorary director, Mr. Michael Mason, and at the Royal Pavilion Lord Fortescue, President of the Royal Agricultural Society of England and Lord Lieutenant of Devon, made presentations. Her Majesty, first British sovereign to visit Newton Abbot since Charles I. came there in 1625, saw many demonstrations and displays, such as those connected with forestry practice and beekeeping and watched judging of competitions for hunters and draught horses and some admirable counter-marching by Plymouth Division, Royal Marines, as well as a demonstration of dog handling in which a number of sheep, the only cloven-hoofed animals in the Show, were penned by the dogs. Her Majesty was particularly interested by the aubergines in the flower show tent, and also by some new miniature rose varieties.



A COMPETITOR WITH TWO OF HER EXHIBITS: MRS. BULLEN WITH HER DARTMOOR PONY NEW MOON, WITH A FOAL, AT FOOT BY SILVER DALE GOLDEN PEAN.





# IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.



BY far the most sensational floral happening in my garden this year—so far—has been the flowering of a tree-pæony. Not that sensational flowers are necessarily either beautiful or desirable. Far from it. I could name—but won't—both roses and sweet-peas which are so sensationally and blatantly vulgar that

## A TREE-PÆONY.

By CLARENCE ELLIOTT, V.M.H.

flowered for the first time. But by this spring, *Pæonia suffruticosa* had really come into its own. The bush stood over four feet high, and nearly as much through, and it produced eighteen of its superb blossoms. These are like gigantic single white roses measuring eight inches across. They are not quite single, however, like a dog-rose. There are roughly two rows of petals, and the base of each petal is embellished with a great

given in Colonel F. C. Stern's fine monograph, "A Study of the Genus *Pæonia*," from which I take the liberty of quoting. The name *suffruticosa* covers all the tree-pæonies, and the full name given to the plant under discussion is *P. suffruticosa* var. *spontanea*.

Apparently Reginald Farrer, collecting in Western China in 1913, saw—and described in his book "On the Eaves of the World"—a wild tree-pæony in Southern Kansu. His description suggests that this was the same plant as the *P. s. spontanea* which we now grow. But he did not collect specimens.

"Dr. J. F. Rock collected plants in Kansu and Western China, and some time after 1932 sent seed of a tree-pæony to the United States. Seedlings were raised by several growers in U.S.A., in Canada, in Sweden and in Great Britain, which flowered in all these countries in 1938. . . ."

"Dr. Rock," Colonel Stern continues, "in answer to my enquiries whether he had collected the seed from wild plants, replied as follows on August 24, 1938 from Yunnanfu: 'The seeds of the *Pæonia* about which you enquire I collected from plants which grew in the Yamen of Choni Lamasery, elevation 8,500, in S.W. Kansu. I occupied the Yamen in that Lamasery for about a year. In the court of the Yamen grew a very beautiful single-flowered



"BUT BY THIS SPRING, *Pæonia suffruticosa* HAD REALLY COME INTO ITS OWN. THE BUSH STOOD OVER FOUR FEET HIGH AND NEARLY AS MUCH THROUGH, AND IT PRODUCED EIGHTEEN OF ITS SUPERB BLOSSOMS. . . ."

if, by some mischance, I found them trespassing in my garden, I would hurry them firmly but politely to the compost heap. I name no names, because these—to me—horrors are almost certainly the pride and joy of countless other gardeners. But when one finds a plant, or a flower, which is at once sensational and wholly beautiful, then there is reason to make some sort of song about it.

Such a plant is *Pæonia suffruticosa*, which is believed to be the original wild type, the ancestor of all the Moutan pæonies in cultivation.

No gardener, surely, could fail to be impressed with the beauty and the magnificence of this flower. Looking back over the years, there are a few special flowers, the memory of seeing which, for the first time, remains with me firmly and vividly. *Meconopsis integrifolia*—huge cups of crumpled sulphur-yellow silk—shown by Veitch at a Chelsea Show somewhere about 1905—is one such memory; *Nerine* "Hera" and *N.* "Aurora" another. There was Messrs. Baker's stunning first great exhibit of Russell Lupins, and then, in 1932—I think it was—*Pæonia suffruticosa*, shown at the R.H.S. by Colonel F. C. Stern. It got a First Class Certificate.

About four years ago Colonel Stern sent me a seedling of this pæony, which I at once planted out in a border in which grow a number of other species and varieties. This border is well suited for pæonies, for it faces west, and is backed by a long Cotswold stone cowshed, which shelters it from early-morning sun—which can play such havoc among pæony buds which have become rimed with frost overnight. If the hoar frost melts before the sun reaches the buds no harm will be done.

My young pæony made a little growth the first summer—6 or 8 ins. or so. In the autumn the bed was dug over—not by me—and in the process the pæony's label got shifted, and I could find no trace of the plant itself. I feared that the well-meaning digger had dug it in, and that this rare treasure was lost. But all was well. As it was a tree-pæony, I had expected that a woody stem would be formed. But it hadn't. The plant had remained herbaceous that first summer and had retired underground in the herbaceous manner. In spring, greatly to my relief, my pæony sprouted strongly, and that summer it made a foot or two of permanent woody stem. In 1951 it had become a sizeable bush, and

at first. But they do not seem to be plumping up as a pregnant pæony pod should. It may be that this species is self-sterile and can only produce seeds if the flowers are fertilised with pollen from another individual plant. I must see about securing a mate for my *suffruticosa*. I cannot allow all these flowers to remain beautifully barren. With a little potent pollen among them, they might by now have been two months gone, with a hundred or two fine, bouncing seeds and potential seedlings. Most certainly something will have to be done about it. The plant must be increased as much as possible, and raising from seed is, with this species, by far the easiest and most satisfactory method. Cuttings can be struck, and I know at least one very clever gardener who has struck tree-pæony cuttings, but the technique does not seem to be generally understood among gardeners—either amateurs or nurserymen. For increasing tree-pæonies for commercial purposes, grafting scions of the variety to be propagated on roots of one or other of the herbaceous varieties is a usual method. But it is not entirely satisfactory. Too often the grafted top dies, after which the herbaceous root springs up in its place.

The history of the introduction from China of *Pæonia suffruticosa* is interesting. The full story is



"...THESE ARE LIKE GIGANTIC SINGLE WHITE ROSES MEASURING EIGHT INCHES ACROSS. THEY ARE NOT QUITE SINGLE, HOWEVER, LIKE A DOG-ROSE. THERE ARE ROUGHLY TWO ROWS OF PETALS, AND THE BASE OF EACH PETAL IS EMBELLISHED WITH A GREAT FEATHER-EDGED, MAROON-CRIMSON BLOTCH. IN THE CENTRE OF ALL IS A FILIGREE CROWN OF GOLDEN ANTHERS."

Photographs by Peter Pritchard.

*Pæonia*. There were no double-flowered ones, all were single. I remarked at the time that it looked to me like a wild species. The Lamas told me it came from Kansu, but whence, the exact locality, they did not know. I never came across it in a wild state.

It had been kept for years in the Lamasery. . . . The Lamasery has been entirely destroyed and the Lamas all killed in 1928 by the Mohammedans, so the plant in all probability does not exist any more, as the entire Lamasery was burned to the ground."

Colonel Stern adds: "It may be of interest to record that seed of this pæony has been sent back to Dr. Rock to China to replace the plants destroyed in the Lamasery at Choni."

That last note is, to me at any rate, intensely interesting; a charming finish to a romantic—and tragic—episode in botanical history.

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THE SACRED LOTUS BLOOMS FROM SEED A THOUSAND YEARS OLD : MEASURING THE FIRST PINK BLOSSOM AT WASHINGTON, D.C.,  
RAISED FROM SEED FOUND IN A DRIED-UP MANCHURIAN SWAMP.

In 1933 there bloomed in the Royal Botanic Gardens, Kew, some plants of the Sacred Lotus (*Nelumbo nucifera*), which had been raised from seeds discovered in Manchurian peat deposits by a Japanese botanist, Ichiro Ohga. On June 29 this year another lotus, raised from seed from the same source, has bloomed at Washington, D.C., in America. These plants have aroused a great deal of speculation and claims have been made that the seeds were tens of thousands of years old. Such claims were, of course, dismissed as fantastic, but the truth about these plants is astonishing enough as it is. The seeds, or, rather, fruits, were found in a bed of peat, which had at one time been the bed of a lake. This lake had drained in the distant past and the dust of the Gobi Desert had covered it with several feet of loess. In this loess had grown trees, recently cut down at the age of 150 years. Whether this was the first stand of trees on the site is not known. On the basis of these facts the Japanese botanist had concluded that the seeds were

300-400 years old, and this would seem to be the absolute minimum possible. A Japanese geologist had estimated the peat layer as being 50,000 years old. However, Dr. Libby, of Chicago, has subjected some fruits to the Carbon-14 test, and this puts the age at 1040 years (plus or minus 210 years). However, this species of lotus does not grow wild within 1000 miles of the place where the seeds were found (Pulantien basin), the plants differ considerably from the Indian type and the fruits have a very hard coat, impervious to air and water. So since the fruit is apparently so resistant to molecular change as to be able to retain its viability (its power to come to life) for 1000 years, it does, in spite of all probability, seem possible that these seeds which have bloomed in this century at Kew and Washington may have been fertilised when Peking man was roaming the Manchurian plains; and, since a viable seed is a living thing, to be beyond question the oldest living things, in the sense of complex sexual organisms.





## THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



### THE EGG AND I (WITH APOLOGIES TO A FAMOUS BOOK).

THE egg had all the appearance of a practical joke, especially as it was brought in from the hen-house soon after Easter. One-third of the shell was coloured the delicate brown so much favoured in eggs for the table. More or less two-thirds of it was a pale chalky-brown, and between the two was a narrow band of white. The regularity of the pattern was alone sufficient to arouse suspicion and, knowing the capabilities of my family, I subjected this egg to a close scrutiny with a powerful lens. There was no doubting that it was a natural pattern, or, rather, an abnormal one but not an artefact. At first consideration it seemed no more than a fitting subject for a letter to the daily Press, one of the curiosity trivialities to be given a brief mention in the correspondence columns. This, by the way, is said in no derogatory spirit, for in these readers' letters is recorded a great deal of information that would otherwise go unrecorded. It is not so long since that a specialist investigating a quite important biological problem found himself without essential data after searching the scientific literature. He got what he wanted from a book of Press clippings over the past fifty years.

To return to THE egg, however, it seemed to me to have more than a passing interest, for although I have often examined large batches of eggs on poultry-farms, and many others elsewhere, including a not inconsiderable number from our own hens, I do not remember seeing anything like it. To make sure that it was not a commonplace thing, or even something not so commonplace but still well known, I showed it to several ornithologists, one oologist and several other zoologists of experience, and all thought I was the victim of a practical joke until I had convinced them to the contrary. Then it seemed sufficiently unusual, since none had seen anything like it, to put it on record, together with the line of deduction that had originally occurred to me. The abnormal is always worthy of a second thought since often it sheds more light on a problem than the normal.

In order to guess at what may have produced this abnormality it is necessary to retrace the familiar

By MAURICE BURTON, D.Sc.

from the shell. Descending still further the shell is laid on. And, in succession as the egg reaches the lower part of the oviduct, the pigment, known as ooporphyrin, which gives the hen's egg the desired warm, reddish brown, is added. And finally the shell receives a coating of mucus to assist its passage to the exterior.

An egg of the domesticated hen is a very familiar object, a great advantage to an author, since in writing about it he can enjoy the rare

minute details of nervous, muscular and physiological processes involved, and we can hardly hope ever to work them out in their fullest possible details, we are in the presence of a piece of mechanism of infinite beauty and intricacy. The mechanism sometimes fails, as when a soft-shelled egg is laid, in which the outer coating is the shell-membrane, and for some reason the shell-secreting glands have failed to function. On the other hand, abnormally small eggs are often laid, yet they are frequently complete as to their successive layers. There has been an automatic adjustment. Or a double-yolked egg is laid, yet the abnormally large egg is still fairly treated by the succeeding sets of glands in the oviduct. There must be this precision, with but a negligible percentage of faults, or the species represented by the particular egg would be in danger of extinction.

There is sufficient material here for a wealth of deductive speculation without wondering how the air gets into the cavity between the egg-membranes at one end of the egg, how the pattern of the shell is determined so that air-cells run from the outside to the inside of the egg, or how eggs of different species have different shapes and structure of the shell itself, yet all achieve the same end. This simple matter of the laying of an egg represents but a hundredth part of the total life-processes of a hen, all equally complicated and difficult to investigate in detail. A hen is but one of the million known species of animals now living, and nobody knows how many millions have lived and died out in the past. The zoologist says all these things have evolved through chance mutation under the pressure of natural selection. The evidence certainly points that way. Some people, on the other hand, look at these things and think the coincidence of such myriad exactly co-ordinated details is impossible from the mere workings of chance. However, that I leave to the philosophers to contemplate.

Edward Denny, in "If Four Walls Told," makes one of his characters say: "... cabbages is inspirin'..."

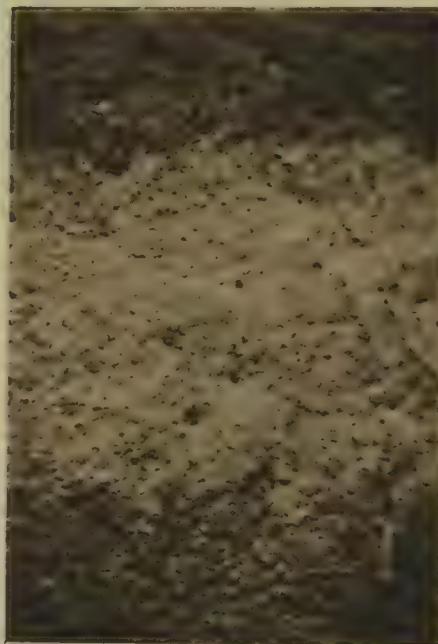
So are eggs. This freak, with which my story started, suggests to me that eggs, at least in part of their course down the oviduct, stop opposite the pigment glands and spin round, like a pot being shaped on a wheel. In the case of this freak egg, we may assume something went wrong either with the mechanics of its journey or with the pigment glands themselves. But without knowing more of what takes place in the course of an egg being laid it is impossible to say. So I leave that to the anatomists



THE STRIPED EGG WHICH IS THE SUBJECT OF THIS ARTICLE, SHOWING AN UNUSUAL ABNORMALITY IN AN OTHERWISE NORMAL HEN'S EGG.

Freaks are always objects of interest and to the scientist they are often a source of information. The normal machinery of the oviduct, by which the ovum is coated with its several layers, is fairly well understood in outline. The examination of freak eggs sometimes helps to fill in the details. This present egg must have been spun in the oviduct like clay on a potter's wheel, and from other similar colour variations it is evident the egg can be turned or spun in all kinds of directions and ways, yet still emerge with the typical egg-shape.

Photograph by Maurice G. Sawyers.



AN ENLARGED PORTION OF THE SURFACE ACROSS THE STRIPE ON THE FREAK EGG.

The interesting point revealed is that the pigmentation is evenly edged at the (upper) blunt-end side and irregular at the other. At this magnification the pores leading through the shell to the inside are visible. In a hen's egg about 8000 such pores are found. The passage of air through them enables the chick growing within to live.

Photograph by Maurice G. Sawyers.

experience of being assured that his readers will know what he is talking about. This is enhanced by the fact that the structure of an egg is made familiar to a wide public by diagrams in so many text-books. In addition, the description of the passage of an ovum down the oviduct, and the broad outlines of the conveyer system by which the albumen membranes and shell are added, must be familiar to all who have taken biology as a school subject. In other words, this is a very commonplace topic—at least, in its broad outlines. The finer details are, however, lacking. If these have ever been investigated, then the record of them is hidden in some obscure pages. And it is worth trying to visualise what might be supposed to take place.

Clearly the egg (i.e., the ovum, together with its successive coatings) must be spinning all the

time it is descending, or else it spins and then drops, spins and drops, to receive the next and the next layers. Presumably the movement is controlled by localised and successive muscle-action, just as at each stage of the journey down the oviduct a new set of glands comes into action to add first the initial layer of albumen, then more albumen, then the membranes, shell and pigment. What, then, are the minute controls that cause the precise synchronisation in this perfect belt system, so that when the requisite amount of albumen, say, is deposited on the rotating ovum it descends until it is opposite the membrane-secreting glands, and at the same time these glands are brought into action? Whatever be the full account of the



A NORMAL HEN'S EGG (RIGHT) WITH A DWARF EGG BESIDE IT.

No two hens' eggs are the same size, but the normal variation is not great. Occasionally giant eggs, more commonly dwarf eggs, are laid. The record weight of a giant hen's egg is 320 grams, the average 58 grams, and the record dwarf weighed only 1.29 grams.

Photograph by permission of the "Poultry World."

details of the mechanics of egg-laying. The origin of the egg is in the ovary, where the single-celled germ-cells, or ova, receive their store of yolk. Then the capsule containing the ripest of the developing ova bursts, to release it into the funnel-shaped upper end of the oviduct. Here it is coated with albumen, or white, the two ends being twisted into ropes. These can be clearly seen in a hen's egg freshly broken for cooking purposes. The large, yellow, yolk-laden ovum can now be compared with a toffee in its paper, with the ends twisted. Descending the oviduct further, more albumen is added. Lower down the egg-membrane is added. This is double and encloses at one end a cavity, later filled with air, which provides the chick with its first gulp prior to its emergence



ANOTHER FREAK FORM OF HEN'S EGG: IN THIS CASE A PERFECT EGG WAS FOUND WITHIN ANOTHER EGG, WHICH WAS OTHERWISE PERFECT, BOTH EGGS HAVING YOLKS. THE OUTER EGG WAS ABOUT 3½ INS. LONG AND 2½ INS. WIDE.

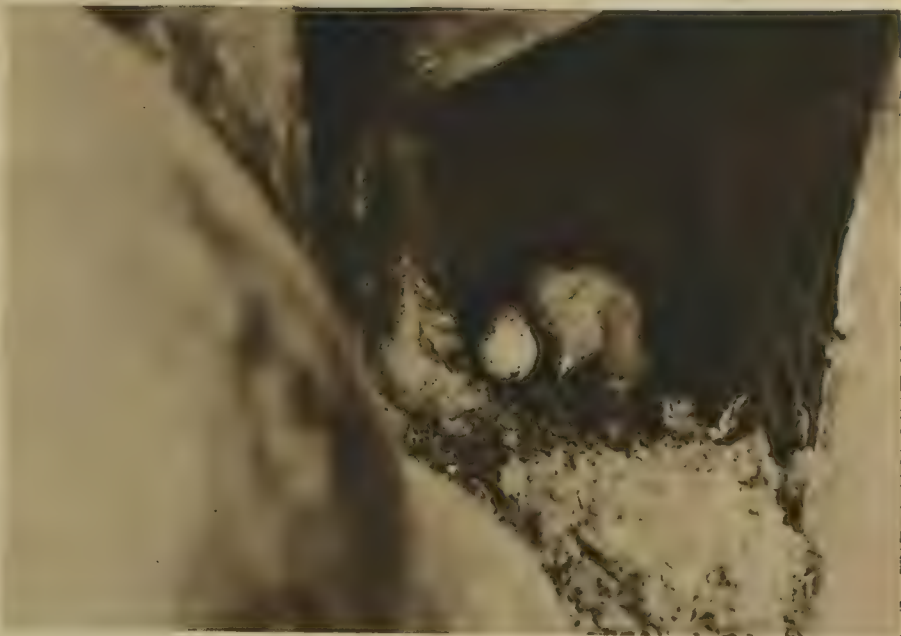
and physiologists to contemplate. All I would say is that perhaps a collection of such freak eggs might shed light on obscure physiological processes. Such a collection, or even a book of newspaper clippings on freak eggs, might, like Edward Denny's cabbages, be inspiring.



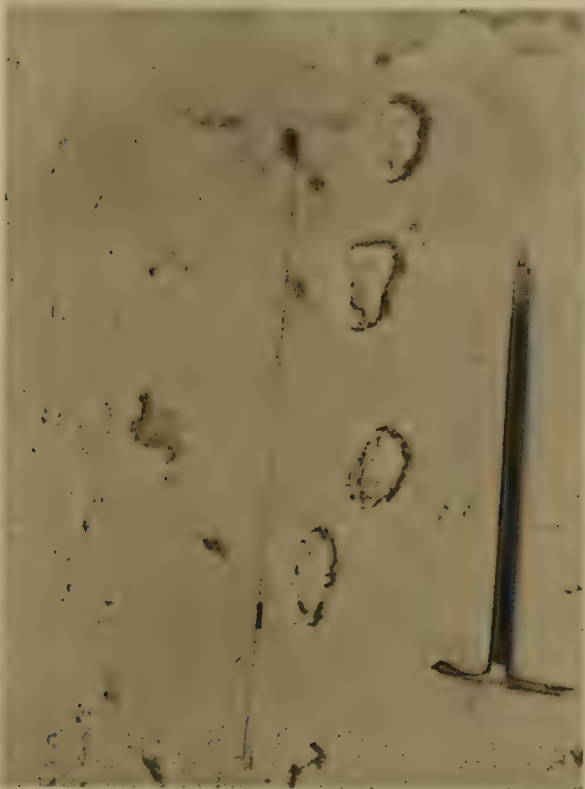
# THE HIMALAYAN "YETI", LONDON KESTREL, AND A NOVELIST'S COFFIN.



THE KESTREL WHICH NESTED IN AN INTERSTICE ON THE FAÇADE OF THE SAVOY HOTEL: THE BIRD HOVERING NEAR HER NEST, SITUATED UNDER THE HORIZONTAL POLE SCAFFOLDING.



THE YOUNG KESTREL AND AN EGG IN THE NEST ON THE SAVOY HOTEL: IT OCCUPIES THE SPACE UNDER THE LEG OF A PUTTI CARVED IN STONE ON THE RIVER FAÇADE NEAR THE ROOF. Wartime bombing opened up fresh hunting-grounds for mice and rats, and in consequence kestrels have increasingly visited London. This spring one built her nest under the knee of a stone putti carved on the river façade of the Savoy Hotel. Early this month one fledgling hatched out and another was expected.



WITH AN ICE-AXE AND A FOOT-RULE TO INDICATE THEIR SIZE: TRACKS OF THE "YETI," OR "ABOMINABLE SNOWMAN," PHOTOGRAPHED BY THE SWISS EXPEDITION TO EVEREST.



THE MYSTERIOUS FOOTPRINTS ON HIMALAYAN SNOW: M. A. ZIMMERMAN TAKING NOTES REGARDING THE TRACKS OF THE "YETI" FOUND BY THE EXPEDITION.



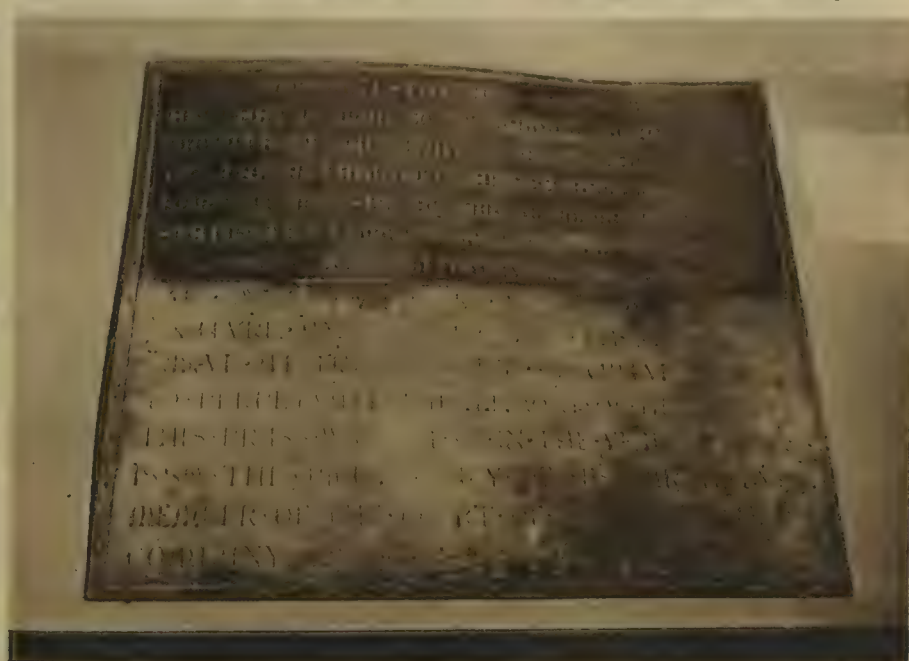
ABOUT FIVE DAYS OLD, AND OBVIOUSLY ENLARGED BY THE MELTING PROCESS OF THE SNOW: A NEAR VIEW OF THE FOOTPRINTS FOUND ON MOUNT EVEREST SNOW.

The footprints of the "Yeti," as the Tibetans call the mysterious "Abominable Snowman" whose tracks are found on the slopes of Mount Everest, were discussed in our issue of December 15, 1951. Professor Lombard's scientific patrol recently found traces of plantigrades (animals that walk on the

soles of their feet) above the Swiss Expedition's Khumbu Glacier camp. "I set off," wrote Dr. Wyss-Dunant, "... and found not merely a single trace, but a whole series. ... The spoor (plantar surface) measures 10-12 ins. in length and 4-6 ins. in width. ... "[By arrangement with "The Times."]



FOUND DURING THE EXCAVATIONS OF ST. BRIDE'S CHURCH, FLEET STREET: THE COFFIN CONTAINING THE REMAINS OF SAMUEL RICHARDSON (1689-1761), AUTHOR OF "PAMELA."



RECOVERED FROM THE RUINS OF ST. BRIDE'S CHURCH, FLEET STREET, AFTER ITS DESTRUCTION BY ENEMY ACTION IN 1941: THE BRONZE MEMORIAL TABLET TO SAMUEL RICHARDSON. Samuel Richardson (1689-1761), the great English novelist and author of "Pamela" and "Clarissa," was buried in the church of St. Bride's, Fleet Street. The bronze memorial tablet to him was salvaged after the blitz of 1941, and his coffin has just been discovered.





## A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS. AN EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY DOCTOR'S CABINET.

By FRANK DAVIS.

Christie's, and the little Rembrandt sketch no less; anyway, that's my guess.

There is no record of what he paid for another notable painting, not obviously to the taste of the majority of his contemporaries—"A Woman Selling Fruit," by one of the Le Nain brothers, those seventeenth-century French painters of peasant life who are so close to the life of the people and so far removed from the academic tradition of the Court painters, as indeed was Chardin himself in the next century with his cooks and scullery-maids and pots and pans and table-cloths, looking at them all, both people and things, with tender, half-humorous affection; and

patronage to a Scot had nothing to do with æsthetics. Hunter's commissions to George Stubbs must also be mentioned, though the two Stubbs paintings in the exhibition are too well known for illustration on this occasion. They were in the Stubbs exhibition at Liverpool last year, and were reproduced in these pages then. He employed Stubbs to paint a number of animals he was studying in the course of his researches into comparative anatomy, among them the nyghau and the moose, and it is obvious that he attached considerable importance to these pictures, for of the former he wrote that it was "done under my eye by Mr. Stubbs, that excellent painter of animals."

AFTER many years I have visited Kenwood again, the great mansion which, with its grounds, lies on the edge of Hampstead Heath and which the first Lord Iveagh saved from destruction and bequeathed to London in the 1920's, together with his collection of paintings, among which is a Vermeer, one of Rembrandt's noblest self-portraits, and one of the finest of Gainsboroughs. It was a princely and imaginative bequest, which the L.C.C. (sometimes accused of obtuseness in these matters) administers with quiet efficiency. On this occasion I reached it the hard way—that is, from the south—and for the first time in my life managed to get lost on the Heath amid the sylvan solitudes of a Monday morning until I struck the wood itself and thence emerged on to the grassy slopes before the house to the accompaniment of insistent croakings from the army of frogs which splash among the water-lilies on the lake.

The excuse for this expedition was a loan from Glasgow University—a selection from the collection of pictures and other things left to it by one of the greatest of its sons, William Hunter (1718-1783), the foremost doctor and teacher of his age. It is a most interesting exhibition, not merely because some of his acquisitions are of the highest quality by modern standards—for example, who would not treasure a single painting by Chardin, and Hunter had three! (one of which we reproduce in Fig. 3)—but because, with the exercise of a little imagination, one can begin to see into the mind of a busy, successful professional man who moved



FIG. 1. "LANDSCAPE IN HOLLAND"; BY PHILIPS KONINCK (1619-1688). (Canvas; 44 by 61 ins.)

On this page Mr. Frank Davis discusses "The Hunterian Collection, An Eighteenth-Century Gentleman's Cabinet," a selection of paintings, MSS. and scientific instruments, once the property of Dr. William Hunter (1718-1783), lent by courtesy of the University of Glasgow to the L.C.C. for exhibition at Kenwood, where they will remain on view until the end of August. The Koninck landscape is probably the picture described as "A capital landscape by Rembrandt" which Hunter bought for 16½ guineas at an undated sale of Mr. Blackwood's pictures in 1755. In common with the other illustrations, it is reproduced by courtesy of the University of Glasgow.



FIG. 2. "THE ENTOMBMENT OF CHRIST"; BY REMBRANDT HARMENSZ VAN RIJN (1606-1669). (Wood; 12½ by 15½ ins.) This sketch by Rembrandt was purchased by Hunter as "The Entombment of Lazarus" for 12 guineas at the sale of Sir Robert Strange's pictures at Christie's, February 7-9, 1771.

in the circle of Sir Joshua Reynolds and Samuel Johnson, of Edmund Burke and of Edward Gibbon. Some few of his pictures he obviously acquired because of their scientific interest—for example, a Netherlandish "Anatomist." With others he followed the fashion, giving 200 guineas for a not very distinguished Murillo; 150 guineas for a decidedly dull Salvator Rosa composition; and 70 guineas for an alleged Veronese which modern criticism gives to the almost unknown sixteenth-century painter Ippolito Scarsella. But he obtained the beautiful Rembrandt sketch of Fig. 2 for 12 guineas; a splendid landscape by Philips Koninck (Fig. 1) (at that time catalogued as by Rembrandt) for 16½ guineas; and a nice little Wouvermans—a stag hunt—for £1 8s. I dare say a similar Wouvermans to-day could be found for under £100 with a little care, but a Koninck of this sort—a typical broad expanse of water and woods and flat fields seen from a high ground and measuring 44 by 61 ins.—would fetch, say, 4000 guineas at

was thoroughly happy in following his own bent. Of the several paintings by men of his own generation, the majority seem to have been presents from friends or patients—a Reynolds of Lady Maynard is one of them—while a few were commissioned by him, including his own portrait by his friend and fellow-countryman, Allan Ramsay (1713-1784), which is typical good Ramsay; and a reminder that the rancorous criticisms which jealous rivals of that excellent painter levelled at George III. for daring to give the Royal

making the fashionable world realise that light reflected on a copper saucepan is no less miraculous than a sun-beam on Diana's cheek.

In short, a mixed collection of pictures, partly scientific, partly according to current fashions, but mainly, it seems to me—and this gives it its special interest—a collection formed without too much expert advice by a man with a very definite notion of what he liked, and who

himself. Their neo-classical design suggests that they may have been made in Glasgow for the old Hunterian Museum; and I doubt whether many of us are particularly impressed by that.

Relics of a different order, for they do provide evidence of his day-to-day activities, are two Christie catalogues with his own annotations, two receipts from William Hogarth for the purchase of a print of "The Election Entertainment," and the book, "The Analysis of Beauty" (Hogarth's pungent and cantankerous anti-Italian-painting essay in æsthetics); and drawings and plans of his house at 16, Great Windmill Street. I take it that the medical profession requires no prodding to visit this exhibition; I record the fact that it is of no less interest to the layman, for the emphasis is not so much upon Hunter's achievement in his profession as upon his manifold intellectual enthusiasms.



FIG. 3. "A LADY TAKING TEA"; BY JEAN-BAPTISTE SIMEON CHARDIN (1699-1779). (Signed and dated J. S. Chardin, 1738.) (Canvas; 31½ by 39 ins.)

Hunter's acquisition of this painting has not yet been traced. Before cleaning in 1941 the last figure of the date was indistinct and was read as 5 or 6.



## CHISWICK HOUSE AS IT WAS: EIGHT NOTABLE CONTEMPORARY VIEWS.



LOOKING DOWN THE RIVER TO THE RUSTIC BRIDGE, WITH ONE OF THE PAVILIONS BEYOND: A VIEW OF CHISWICK HOUSE GARDENS, ONE OF A SET OF EIGHT ASCRIBED TO PETER ANDREAS RYSBRACK, THE YOUNGER (1690-1748), ON VIEW AT LEGGATT'S GALLERY. (24 by 42 ins.)



ANOTHER VIEW OF THE PAVILION BY THE RUSTIC BRIDGE SHOWN IN THE ILLUSTRATION ON THE LEFT: A PROSPECT OF CHISWICK HOUSE GARDENS, WITH ORNAMENTAL WATER AND TREES; ONE OF THE INTERESTING SET OF CONTEMPORARY PROSPECTS OF THE GROUNDS NOW ON VIEW. (24 by 42 ins.)



WITH THE RUSTIC BRIDGE OVER THE RIVER IN THE LEFT BACKGROUND: A PROSPECT OF THE CANAL IN CHISWICK HOUSE GARDENS, WITH A FISHING-PARTY, SHOWING ONE OF THE NUMEROUS PAVILIONS IN THE BEAUTIFULLY LAID-OUT GROUNDS. (24 by 42 ins.)



WITH DEER ON THE GRASS SLOPE, WILD FOWL AND A SEAT AGAINST THE YEW HEDGE IN THE BACKGROUND: A VIEW OF THE CANAL IN THE GROUNDS OF CHISWICK HOUSE. THE MINISTRY OF WORKS ARE PUTTING THE HOUSE AND GARDENS IN ORDER. (24 by 42 ins.)



A SIDE VIEW OF CHISWICK HOUSE, THE PALLADIAN VILLA BUILT BY WILLIAM KENT AND THE THIRD EARL OF BURLINGTON, C. 1730. THE POSITION OF THE CASCADE WAS TO THE RIGHT, IN THE FOREGROUND. ON VIEW IN LEGGATT'S CURRENT EXHIBITION. (24 by 42 ins.)



THE ORANGE-TREE GARDEN AT CHISWICK HOUSE, WITH A SMALL TEMPLE ON THE RIGHT WHICH BACKED ON TO THE RIVER: ONE OF THE SET OF EIGHT CONTEMPORARY PAINTINGS SHOWING THE GROUNDS AS THEY WERE. (28 by 51½ ins.)



SHOWING A STRUCTURE NOW KNOWN AS "NAPOLEON'S TEMPLE" (LEFT), THE COLUMN (CENTRE) AND THE DEERHOUSE (RIGHT), WHICH ARE ALL STILL IN EXISTENCE: A VIEW OF THE GARDEN WALKS OF CHISWICK HOUSE. (24 by 42 ins.)



THREE WALKS IN CHISWICK HOUSE GARDENS: ONE IS TERMINATED BY THE *Caffina*, AND ONE BY A LARGE PAVILION. THE POSITION OF THE ALLEY ON THE LEFT, TERMINATED WITH A STATUE, WOULD APPEAR TO BE INACCURATE. (24 by 42 ins.)

Chiswick House, designed and built c. 1730 by William Kent and the art-loving third Earl of Burlington, on the lines of the *Rotonda Capra*, Palladio's villa at Vicenza, is an architectural gem, which had fallen into a very bad state of repair before, in 1948, it was happily transferred to the nation by the Middlesex County Council and Brentford and Chiswick Borough by a deed of gift under the Ancient Monuments Act. It is now being put in order by the Ancient Monuments Department of the Ministry of Works. The wings, added by Wyatt in 1788 for the Dukes of Devonshire, to whose family it had passed by marriage in 1753, have been demolished, and the structure of the villa is being repaired, while the gardens are being put in order, and will eventually be restored to some approximation of their original appearance; although, of course, during the

course of time a number of the ornamental pavilions and temples which originally decorated them have been destroyed. Some structures still remain, however, including the Deerhouse, a little grotto now known as "Napoleon's Temple," the Cascade and the Column. In view of the work now being carried on, the eight paintings reproduced on this page are of exceptional interest. C. du Bose, who engraved several of these views, gives Rysbrack as the painter. The set was formerly in the Paston-Bedingfeld collection at Oxburgh Hall, where they probably found their way because Lady Elizabeth Boyle (d. 1751), daughter of Charles Earl of Burlington, married in 1719 Sir Henry Bedingfeld, third baronet. The paintings are now on view at Leggatt's Gallery, St. James's Street, together with a number of other interesting works.





### WHAT MAKES MT. EVEREST SO DIFFICULT TO CLIMB: WIND, COLD, SEARING DRYNESS AND THIN AIR, WHICH

The various recent reports of the progress made by the Swiss Expedition to Everest and the British Expedition to Cho-Oyu have given the general public some idea of the fantastic perils and stresses which beset the mountaineer in these Himalayan heights; and the true nature of these perils and stresses has been recently explained in a lecture given at the Royal Institution by Professor G. I. Finch, M.B.E., D.Tech.Chem., D.Sc., F.R.S., M.R.I. The drawings on this special factors which complicate really high-altitude mountaineering and which, as it were, multiply the normal perils. The four chief factors are increasing wind speeds, cold, and dryness of air and decreasing air pressure. The increase in the amount of short-wave light is also a danger, but protective measures against sunburn

and snow-blindness are simple and effective. First, wind: at sea-level the basic westerly drift which underlies all air movements is about 10 m.p.h. At the height of Everest 50 m.p.h. is normal and 150 m.p.h. is often reached. Such winds bring deadly cold through even the best of wind-proof clothing. Second, cold: the normal summer temperature at the height of Everest is -40 degrees F., and at night even in a thick snowstorm, the water vapour pressure is little more than a millimetre. Although this ensures that clothing and sleeping-bag are always dry, there are serious disadvantages. The laboured and frequent breathing of cold air robs the climber's body of moisture and he must counter this with eating

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, G. H. DAVIS, WITH THE ASSISTANCE



### CHALLENGE MAN'S UTMOST ENDEAVOUR AND INGENUITY, WITH SOME METHODS OF MEETING THEM.

now or carrying hot liquids. Fourth and most important, the decrease in air pressure: at 28,000 ft., the air contains only a third of the oxygen that it does at sea-level, and since man's ability to make great effort is governed by the rate at which oxygen can pass from the lungs to the blood, this is of critical importance. At sea-level a normal, healthy person breathes about seven litres of air a minute, and in violent exertion this rises to 50 litres. At 25,000 ft. an acclimatised mountaineer struggling on a steep slope needs as much as 200 litres a minute—a full breath inhaled and exhaled once every second. Further, this air is breathed in bitterly cold and dry and exhaled warm and moisture-laden—a terrific toll on human energy and resources. Much can be done, however, to acclustom the human body to these effects by gradual acclimatisation; but acclimatisation has

its limits and above 20,000 ft. the powers of even a fully-acclimatised man begin to degenerate; and at this stage only artificial oxygen supplies can improve matters. Formerly oxygen apparatus was heavy and the masks either wasteful or stifling. Our Artist shows the new breathing method devised by Professor Finch—in which a rubber tube is held between the teeth and the intake and control of the oxygen are managed almost automatically, by clenching and relaxing the teeth. The drawing also shows the new oxygen apparatus, weighing only 5 lb. (against the 40 lb. of the old apparatus), which has been produced by Mr. Peter Lloyd, of Farnborough, and which has been tested by the British Cho-Oyu expedition. The aspects of the Everest massif shown in our drawing are based on the model produced by Messrs. Cockade, Ltd.

OF PROFESSOR G. I. FINCH, F.R.S., AND MESSRS. COCKADE, LTD.



# THE WORLD OF THE CINEMA.

## A FARCE OF MUCH IMPORTANCE.

By ALAN DENT.

ONE would have thought it an accepted verity at this time of day that "The Importance of Being Earnest" is not only the wittiest English comedy since "The School for Scandal," but also the wittiest English comedy since "The Importance of Being Earnest"! If pundits jib at the word

thousands of places where they might not expect even a bad stage-performance of the play. What is the matter with *that*, O' ye pundits and purists and sticklers for the art of pure film?

As is the inevitable way of the film-world, Mr. Asquith has been obliged to do a little addition here and a little subtraction there. These operations have not been noticeably successful, but neither have they been noticeably numerous. The chief additions have been (a) a view of Mr. John Worthing taking a bath, with his man-servant in attendance and not a word said, and (b) a vista of Lady Bracknell travelling down to Mr. Worthing's country-house in pursuit of her fly-away daughter, Gwendolen, and holding colloquy with the guard of the luggage-train in which she travels. The words here added to Wilde's are chiefly a list of the stations to be passed—a trite-sounding list which, with the aid of any railway-guide and a touch of fancy, could easily have been

made far more amusing than it is.

The chief subtractions are more reprovable. I greatly missed Mr. Algernon Moncrieff's intensely gentlemanly interchange with Lane, his butler:

ALGERNON: Oh, by the way, Lane, I see from your book that on Thursday night, when Lord Shoreman and Mr. Worthing were dining with me, eight bottles of champagne are entered as having been consumed.

LANE: Yes, Sir; eight bottles and a pint.

ALGERNON: Why is it that at a bachelor's establishment the servants invariably drink the champagne? I ask merely for information.

LANE: I attribute it to the superior quality of the wine, Sir. I have often observed that in married households the champagne is rarely of a first-rate brand.

ALGERNON: Good heavens! Is marriage so demoralising as that?

This beautifully grave interchange is surely too characteristic to have been scrapped. I missed the few references to a favourite character of mine, the downtrodden spouse of dragonsome Lady Bracknell,

and most particularly her remark to Algernon when he declares he may find it impossible to come to dinner: "I hope not, Algernon. It would put my table completely out. Your uncle would have to dine upstairs. Fortunately he is accustomed to that."

I missed Cecily Cardew's watering-can (which Miss Ashcroft in the last great stage-revival used to hold at so arch a height). And most of all I missed Gwendolen's aside when she, the town-mouse, is being entertained to tea by Cecily, the country-mouse. The two have been exchanging the sweetest possible asperities in a perfectly polite tone rendered necessary by the presence of menials laying tea. "May I offer you some tea, Miss Fairfax?" asks Cecily. Gwendolen, with elaborate civility, says "Thank you" aloud, and then says to herself: "Detestable girl! But I require tea!" The aside is pronounced by the text-books to be an impossible device in the film. Mr. Asquith should have risked it this once—if this once only. In only one other instance that matters in the least does Mr. Asquith deviate from Wilde. This is in the fact that Jack and Algernon are declared, in a stage-direction, to "whistle some dreadful popular air from a British Opera." In the film the air is no more dreadful than "La donna è mobile" and the opera no more British than "Rigoletto."

What really does matter is that the film-version is dressed with true 'ninetyish elegance and richness

and abundance, and that it is—on the whole—capitally acted. But the emphasis is rather on the phrase "on the whole" than on the word "capitally." Dame Edith Evans—the great Lady Bracknell of the last stage-revival—is not only superb, but the quality of superbity personified. That is all that can be said about the Lady Bracknell! Michael Denison's Algernon and Joan Greenwood's Gwendolen are rather better than one



AS THE HON. GWENDOLEN FAIRFAX IN THE FILM VERSION OF "THE IMPORTANCE OF BEING EARNEST": MISS JOAN GREENWOOD.

Joan Greenwood plays Gwendolen, daughter of the intimidating Lady Bracknell, in Mr. Anthony Asquith's Technicolor film of "The Importance of Being Earnest" at the Odeon, Leicester Square, which we illustrated more fully in our last issue.

somehow expected. But Michael Redgrave's Worthing and Dorothy Tutin's Cecily are somehow not quite so good as one expected. The young ladies wear their clothes better than the young men. Both Mr. Redgrave and (to a lesser extent) Mr. Denison are cravat-conscious. I am not wholly unserious when I suggest that actors when about to appear in a film whose milieu is as elegant as that of the 'nineties should wear the clothes of that period for a month at least, wherever they go and whatever they do. Only thus can they acquire the necessary ease and flow of their unwonted garments. Conscientious young actors grow beards for bearded parts, and take a pride in them. Why should not they similarly inure themselves to doublet and hose, or frogged coats and fancy waistcoats? The two remaining players of importance, Margaret Rutherford and Miles Malleon, look as if they had spent a lifetime in the bombazine of Miss Prism and the canonic clericals of Chasuble respectively. And by so doing they point a fault in the bearing of the two young couples, Jack and Cecily particularly.

It remains to be said that the direction displays Mr. Asquith in the happiest form he has shown since he directed that infinitely less spontaneous and less witty farce, the "Pygmalion" of Bernard Shaw.



THE COUNTRY-MOUSE ENTERTAINS THE TOWN-MOUSE TO TEA: CECILY (DOROTHY TUTIN: LEFT), MERRIMAN, THE BUTLER (AUBREY MATHER), AND GWENDOLEN (JOAN GREENWOOD) IN THE FILM OF "THE IMPORTANCE OF BEING EARNEST."

Discussing the changes made in bringing Wilde's play to the screen, Mr. Alan Dent writes: "... most of all I missed Gwendolen's aside when she, the town-mouse, is being entertained to tea by Cecily, the country-mouse. ... 'May I offer you some tea, Miss Fairfax?' asks Cecily. Gwendolen, with elaborate civility, says 'Thank you' aloud, and then says to herself: 'Detestable girl! But I require tea!'"

"comedy" being applied to it at all, let the label "farce" be conceded, and let them then deny that there is any English farce that begins to approach it either in wit or in sheer airy inconsequence.

Being reared and inbred with this conviction—a thing as certain as that the sun is hot or that water is wet—I confess to being a little staggered at the ejaculation of a colleague in film-criticism who referred to Wilde's play, on this occasion of its film-version, as "this frothy bit of dated nonsense," and at the ejaculation of another (hardly less responsible), who places the piece no higher than "an effervescent comedy of tea-table wooing and asinine masquerades." I said "staggered," but I hasten to say that I recovered my balance in no time. "Asinine masquerades" my foot, and Shakespeare's foot as well! I should like to invite my two colleagues—the circulation of whose two newspapers is positively cosmic—to reconsider their values and to tell me whether Wilde's wit of both word and action in this, the most successful and best-sustained of his plays, does not reach at least as high as the aesthetic level of the best Rossini in music, the best rococo in architecture, and the best René Clair in their own inchoate art of film-making.

The truth is that a certain proportion of the film-critics become so indignant and so hot-under-the-collar when a famous play is turned into a film-play without absolutely revolutionary treatment that their values tend to wobble quite disastrously. Anthony Asquith, who made the film, is not only a fine director when he has a subject suited to his methods; but also a man of literary sensibility. He obviously realised at the outset that Wilde's piece is the perfect farce for the stage, and that it could only be transferred to the other medium more or less bodily. He begins the film with a lady and a gentleman entering a theatre-box and opening a programme of "The Importance of Being Earnest." The curtain rises on that play without more ado. He closes the film with the same device. The curtain falls on the performance of "The Importance," and the lady and gentleman rise to leave, applauding. The result is that we are given the illusion of a good performance of the play in a cinema-theatre; many millions of people will now be given the same illusion in many



LADY BRACKNELL AND THE GUARD: DAME EDITH EVANS AND IVOR BARNARD IN ONE OF THE SEQUENCES ADDED TO WILDE'S PLAY IN ITS FILM FORM.

"As is the inevitable way of the film-world, Mr. Asquith has been obliged to do a little addition here and a little subtraction there. ... The chief additions have been ... (b) a vista of Lady Bracknell travelling down to Mr. Worthing's country house ... and holding colloquy with the guard of the luggage-train in which she travels."



# NATIONAL AMATEUR DRAMA WINNERS: SUTTON A.D.C. IN "THE HEIRESS."



"THEN I MUST ALTER MY WILL." "YOU SHOULD; YOU SHOULD DO IT IMMEDIATELY": CATHERINE (MISS ANGELA HAYMAN) AND DR. SLOPER (MR. DOUGLAS MATTHEWS) IN SUTTON A.D.C.'S PRODUCTION OF "THE HEIRESS."



"THERE IT IS." "NO, IT IS A BOX BLOWING IN THE WIND": CATHERINE (MISS ANGELA HAYMAN) AND MRS. PENNIMAN (MISS BETTY HASTIE) AWAIT IN VAIN FOR THE ARRIVAL OF MORRIS TOWNSEND, WHO HAS ARRANGED TO ELOPE WITH CATHERINE.



WINNERS OF THE 20TH COMMUNITY DRAMA FESTIVAL NATIONAL FINAL: MISS BETTY HASTIE AS MRS. PENNIMAN; MR. JAMES MURRAY AS MORRIS TOWNSEND; MISS ANGELA HAYMAN AS CATHERINE; AND MR. DOUGLAS MATTHEWS AS DR. SLOPER, IN "THE HEIRESS."



CATHERINE (MISS ANGELA HAYMAN) PLANS TO ELOPE WITH MORRIS (MR. JAMES MURRAY): A SCENE FROM "THE HEIRESS." THE SUTTON A.D.C. WON THE LORD HOWARD DE WALDEN CUP BY THEIR PERFORMANCE OF SCENES 1, 2 AND 3 OF ACT II.

The Lord Howard de Walden Cup, awarded annually to the winning team in the National Final of the Community Drama Festival organised by the British Drama League, was won this year at the Scala Theatre on June 30 by the Sutton Amateur Dramatic Club, with their performance of Act II., Scenes 1, 2 and 3, of "The Heiress," by Ruth and Augustus Goetz, based on Henry James's novel "Washington Square." Sutton A.D.C. is one of the oldest in the south of London. It was formed in 1902, and during its fifty years of existence has produced 109 plays,



AS DR. AUSTIN SLOPER: MR. DOUGLAS MATTHEWS, AN AMATEUR ACTOR OF WIDE EXPERIENCE, THE PRODUCER OF "THE HEIRESS," WITH WHICH THE SUTTON AMATEUR DRAMATIC CLUB WON THE LORD HOWARD DE WALDEN CUP.

including classics such as "The School for Scandal"; farces like "Rookery Nook"; tragedies and comedies of manners. It had never, before this year, entered for a Festival and its success at the Scala, coming in 1952, its jubilee year, is particularly appropriate and pleasing. Many past members of the Sutton A.D.C. have achieved fame on the professional stage. These include the late Leslie Howard, Gladys Young, Jack Warner, Mabel Constanduros and others. The British Drama League's National Festival of Community Drama was founded in 1927 with a mere handful of pioneer entrants; it now encompasses 1000 amateur dramatic societies annually. Beginning in the winter of each season, it runs from a nation-wide series of preliminary rounds in local theatres and halls, via district, divisional and area final contests, to the National Final in London. The Howard de Walden Cup is awarded for the best production; the Geoffrey Whitworth Cup to the company producing the best original play. [Photographs by T. G. Skipper.]



## NOTES FOR THE NOVEL-READER.

## FICTION OF THE WEEK.

WHAT one can usually expect of Highland novels is to get away from it all: out of this dull, harsh world, into a magic atmosphere of fun and beauty. Call it escapist, if you choose; let us agree that it is all a midsummer night's dream, that life could never be like that—but if it only could! And as it can't, those lovable, enchanting fictions are the next best. But they are all produced by men. Women, it seems, have not the art, or is it possible that they would scorn the action? Or would they scorn it, possibly, on that account? . . .

Only it is absurd to talk of "they." For I am really generalising from one book, "Lobsters on the Agenda," by Naomi Mitchison (Gollancz; 12s. 6d.). This is a Highland story; it is extremely feminine, and feminist to boot, and it has no truck with the Never-Never-Land. Its object, first, is to reveal Port Sonas like a clock, with all the wheels going round; and secondly, to set it right. The tone is not merely informative, but critical; not merely critical, but managing. And so the heroine, appropriately, is a District Councillor. Kate used to practise as a doctor, with her English husband. She lost both home and husband in an air raid; and now she has returned to her old father and her native place, full of ideas for its improvement. Of these the most sublime and controversial is the Village Hall. Port Sonas needs a bit of life; it needs new lamps for old, new bonds where ancient customs are expiring—and, in short, a Hall. But do the people want a Hall? Can they be got to ask for it? Will they stand by it in the teeth of holiness?—against the frown, perhaps, of the Established Church, of the Wee Frees quite probably, of the Free Presbyterians for sure? As Kate well knows, they are a shifty lot; they have more charm than stamina. . . .

But that is not the only question of the week. There is the measles outbreak, and the theft of lobsters, and the ill-treatment of a Glasgow child: and always more to do about the bridge, the water, and the harbour wall: and a big fright for Roddy, the young Forester—as well as minor topics by the dozen. Port Sonas has 300-odd inhabitants, and surely none has been left out. While as for meetings, there is a meeting every day or evening of the week, and sometimes two: meetings of the whole village, of the District Council, of the fishermen, the choir, the Women's Rural Institute, the British Legion . . . not to include the services and Bible study. But not to overlook the Highland Panel. For who should turn up there, among the "head ones," but Mrs. Mitchison—bluff, breezy and profane, cursing the Ministers, heartening Kate over a glass of wine, and holding forth on the White Goddess. Anything can be tried in fiction, there are no taboos; but the effect may sometimes be embarrassing. But on the whole it is amazing stuff: warm, copious, unflagging, with a torrent of idiom, and something which, if not authentic humour, is a high-grade substitute.

"Another Pamela," by Upton Sinclair (Werner Laurie; 12s. 6d.), brings Richardson's best-seller up to date, in Californian surroundings. And here we get a different slant on holiness. Here, as in Richardson, it pays—but it is also lovable; while the profane are ill-behaved and wretched. This Pamela is working barefoot in the onion patch, when Fate comes toiling up the path. A passing car has broken a connecting-rod; the chauffeur goes for help, and Mrs. Harries sits under the chinaberry tree. When she gets up, the dazzled Pamela is in her service. And this is strictly the Lord's doing. Besides her millions, Mrs. Harries has a kind heart, a hobby of reform, and an unbridled habit of interrogation. Thus it comes out that the young ranch girl is an Adventist: and that they keep the seventh day and work on Sundays. Which would be useful in a maid—and so the little innocent is whisked off to the great world.

Pamela holds that almost everything is wrong, and nearly everyone is lost; yet she is cheerful, biddable and sweet. And she is always learning. She learns the miseries of wealth, its arrogance, its family dissensions, its peculiar ways. She learns that Socialism is a point of view. She learns a certain worldly suppleness—but she retains her faith. So Charles, the gilded, alcoholic nephew, is obliged to marry her; and virtue is again rewarded. Like Richardson's, this is a book of letters. Pamela writes it all off to her sister—and in her prentice days it is good fun. However, as the onion patch recedes, the charm decreases. That is the way of things; and, after all, the story is an artificial product, half pastiche, half tract.

"Noughts and Crosses," by Jacobine Hichens (Putnam; 12s. 6d.), also concerns itself with faith. Elizabeth Whitacker, a young war widow, has a devoted suitor in the Guards. Michael has courted her for years. He is a simple, gay, companionable soul, and she is very fond of him. Yet time goes by, and she is still evading a decision. If he were not a Catholic, she would say "yes"; but—can she bring herself to make the "promises"? There is no thought of her "going over"; although she seems all gentleness and yielding, she is firmly Anglican, and has a strong integrity beneath the surface.

Her job at Oakley House, with the naïve enthusiast Miss Graves, brings out and rather victimises her complying side. This is no common school; it holds both little girls and debs, and lays great stress on culture and "community consciousness." Miss Graves would like Elizabeth to call her Iris. That is too hard; but on the other hand, she is too weak to dodge the horrors of the "Global Symposium" . . . One can't say that the story is well made, or always made the most of. But it is full of comedy and charm. Elizabeth herself, her friends, her family, her country home—all are incessantly appealing.

"Miss Pinnegar Disappears," by Anthony Gilbert (Collins; 9s. 6d.), leads from a chance encounter at a bus stop to a race with death. Miss Pinnegar had heard of Arthur Crook, for she once was a sister in a dockland hospital. They understood each other on the spot, and he presents his card. That same night, the past comes knocking at her door. A hateful past: the wife of her beloved nephew, not dead but horribly alive. This is a case for Crook. . . . But when he turns up by appointment, there is no Miss Pinnegar. Crook is among the liveliest of Sherlocks in his vulgar way.

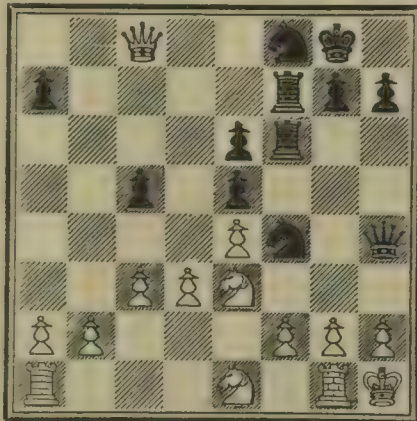
## CHESS NOTES.

By BARUCH H. WOOD, M.Sc.

"THIS has a good claim to be regarded as the most remarkable game ever played," was my comment recently on the classic eighteen-move game in which Edward Lasker, by sacrificing his queen for a pawn, drew Sir George Thomas's king across the eight ranks of the board to mate him.

That game is world-famous. The game I now put before you is almost unknown. In what does this fall short of the other? In its length, perhaps—it is not so snappy; there is more preliminary skirmishing. Yet Hussong sacrifices more even than did Lasker—in fact, you begin to wonder how he possibly can win with the little that is left; and whereas every move Lasker made after the sacrifice was a check, allowing his opponent no choice of reply, Hussong indulges in one exquisitely quiet move, which allows his opponent all the (quite useless!) choice in the world. Fame is indeed a wayward and exacting dame. Played at Frankfurt in 1930; King's Bishop's Opening:

| White   | Black    | White  | Black   |
|---|----------|--|---------|
| HERMANN   | HUSSONG  | HERMANN  | HUSSONG |
| 1. P-K4   | P-K4     | 5. B×B   | P×B     |
| 2. B-B4   | B-B4     | 6. B-K3  | Kt-Q2   |
| 3. Kt-KB3   | P-Q3     | 7. B×B   | P×B     |
| 4. P-Q3   | B-K3     | 8. QKt-Q2  | Kt-K2   |
| To answer Kt-B4 by Kt-KKt3.   |          |  |         |
| 9. Castles  | Castles  | 11. P-B3   | Q-B3    |
| 10. Kt-B4   | Kt-KKt3  | 12. Q-Kt3  | Kt-B5!  |
| Black has enterprisingly allowed the breaking-up of his pawn formation, which might prove a grave disability in an end game, for the use he can make, before any end game is reached, of the open files thus created for him. |          |  |         |
| Now if 13. Q×P? Kt×KtP! 14. K×Kt, Q×Ktch, and White's king is exposed.  |          |  |         |
| 13. Kt-K1   | Q-Kt4    | Threatening now 14. . . Kt-R6ch; 15. K-R1, Kt×Pch; 16. K-Ktr, Kt-R6ch; 17. K-R1, R×R mate. |         |
| 14. K-R1  | R-B3!    | 17. R-KKt1   | Q-R5    |
| 15. Q×P   | QR-KB1   | 18. Q-B8ch   | Kt-B1   |
| 16. Q×BP  | R(B1)-B2 | 19. Kt-K3  |         |



Or 19. P-KKt3? Q×Pch; 20. K×Q, R-R3 mate!

19. Q×RPch! 22. K-Kt4 R-B5ch  
20. K×Q R-R3ch 23. K-Kt5 R-R7  
21. K-Kt3 Kt-K7ch 24. Q×Ktch  
He can do nothing else, in face of the threat of mate by . . . P-R3  
24. K×Q 25. Kt-B3 K-Ktr!  
Threatening 26. . . P-KR3ch; 27. K-Kt6, R-B3 mate.  
26. Kt×R P-KR3ch 27. K-Kt6 R-B4!!  
Threatening mate in two different ways: 28. . . R-Kt4 or 28. . . Kt-B5.  
28. P×R Kt-B5 mate.  
Was that lovely, or not?

A useful supplement to "Wisden," though, is "Who's Who in World Cricket," by Roy Webber (Hodder and Stoughton; 12s. 6d.), which not only makes a complete list of all leading cricketers in the Test-playing countries, but also, by a pleasant addition, a description of the official writers and broadcasters who do so much to increase our pleasure in the game.

Mr. John Arlott, the B.B.C. commentator and author of "The Echoing Green" (Longmans; 11s. 6d.), for instance, has an impressive entry. "The Echoing Green" is largely a collection of reprints of articles and excerpts from scripts delivered by Mr. Arlott. What in consequence is lost in freshness of subject is more than made up by freshness of style.

Finally, if you are a Somerset fan, or indeed a collector of the histories of the great cricketing counties, "Sixty Years of Somerset Cricket," by Ron Roberts (Westaway; 13s. 6d.), will prove an invaluable addition to your library.

E. D. O'BRIEN.

## BOOKS OF THE DAY.

## BAT v. BALL.

I DO not know whether publishers, like other organisations, have liaison officers. If so, they have slipped up, for I have before me at the moment no fewer than seven books on cricket, all appearing at roughly the same time and all meriting the attention of students of the game. The first is "Cricket and the Clock," by E. W. Swanton (Hodder and Stoughton; 15s.). As cricket correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph*, Mr. Swanton is a familiar and eagerly-followed figure to the readers of that paper. His views are known to be outspoken and often highly controversial. This present book springs from the fact that, as he says, "two ideas have been dodging about in my head. One was to try to present for examination what perhaps is cricket's basic problem, the adjustment of the pace of the game to the dictates of the clock, the other to gather together again, in

book-form, the more memorable moments in all the play I have been lucky enough to see since the war." In the event, Mr. Swanton has fused the two and produced in his own inimitable style some admirable comments on the present state of the game. Not that he need have any fear that, as he says, "the bulk of the book may appear as something of a jeremiad." For he is essentially constructive in his approach. That there is something wrong with first-class cricket is proved by the ever-increasing proportion of drawn matches and the financial straits in which county cricket clubs are tending to find themselves. Mr. Swanton believes it to be due to lack of flexibility in all branches of the game—particularly in that of captaincy. Unfortunately, as far as the latter is concerned, they are too often, it seems, prepared to whisper with Tweedledum: "I am very brave generally, only to-day I happen to have a headache." Brave and adventurous captaincy, however, can scarcely offset the dilemma of the professional, who literally cannot afford to do badly, and that of the vanishing and disinterested amateur. On the problem of the amateur, Mr. Swanton has some interesting comments to make. The standard of adventurous batting he rightly holds to be a legacy of the great amateurs of the past who, in the early days of Test Matches, almost monopolised the batting side of the picture.

A batsman whom Mr. Swanton considers to be in the direct tradition of gay and lively players who learned their cricket by watching the great amateurs of the past is Denis Compton, whose book, "In Sun and Shadow" (Stanley Paul; 13s. 6d.), will, I feel sure, set many of his schoolboy fans pestering their parents for the extra pocket-money to buy it, and those fathers who are not ashamed of adult hero-worship surreptitiously pinching the book when the boy has gone to bed. A large part of the book not unnaturally deals with the last Test Match tour in Australia, when Compton had such a miserable run of ill-luck, largely due, as that great England captain, F. R. Brown, says in his foreword, to his knee—though Compton characteristically minimises it. He writes of his misfortune, which must have been maddeningly galling to so spirited a player, with modesty and without self-pity. Denis Compton has an excellent sense of humour and, as a result, his description of first-class cricket is pleasantly light-hearted. Not that he does not—being, as he says, a professional player whose livelihood depends on the support of the public—view the falling-off in attendance at matches, which is directly related to the fall in the speed of scoring, with considerable and well-founded alarm. Denis Compton is all for the brighter cricket, and makes as lively a contribution to it with his pen as he normally does with his bat.

In actual fact, high scoring as opposed to slow scoring is nothing new, as Mr. Gerald Brodribb points out in "Next Man In" (Putnam; 16s.). The average cost of a wicket has varied between 7½ runs (1730 to 1770) until, in the 1890's, the average suddenly leapt up to 24. There it has remained virtually unchanged at a figure varying between 24 and 26. Mr. Brodribb's book is a gift for "Wisden cricketers." It purports to be a survey of the laws and customs of cricket. In actual fact it is a mine of cricket lore, most of it extremely amusing. He says that even the moans of the present day are nothing new, in that they date back to Miss Mary Russell Mitford's disappointment at the lack of zest in the great match between Hampshire and All England in 1823. "I thought," she recorded, "like a simpleton, the better the play, the more the enjoyment . . . oh! what a mistake!" The book includes a host of happy oddments, such as a list of the number of those people who have hit 9's, odd ways of being out, such as the entry in the Gentlemen v. Players match in 1843: "C. J. Taylor, hat knocked on wicket, bowled Hillier"; and the formidable performance of the Great Doctor (always a stickler for the rules), in whose shirt a ball lodged and who ran five before he could be surrounded and stopped. Not the least interesting part of this book is the historical record of the battle between bat and ball and the laws made to correct the balance of power between them.

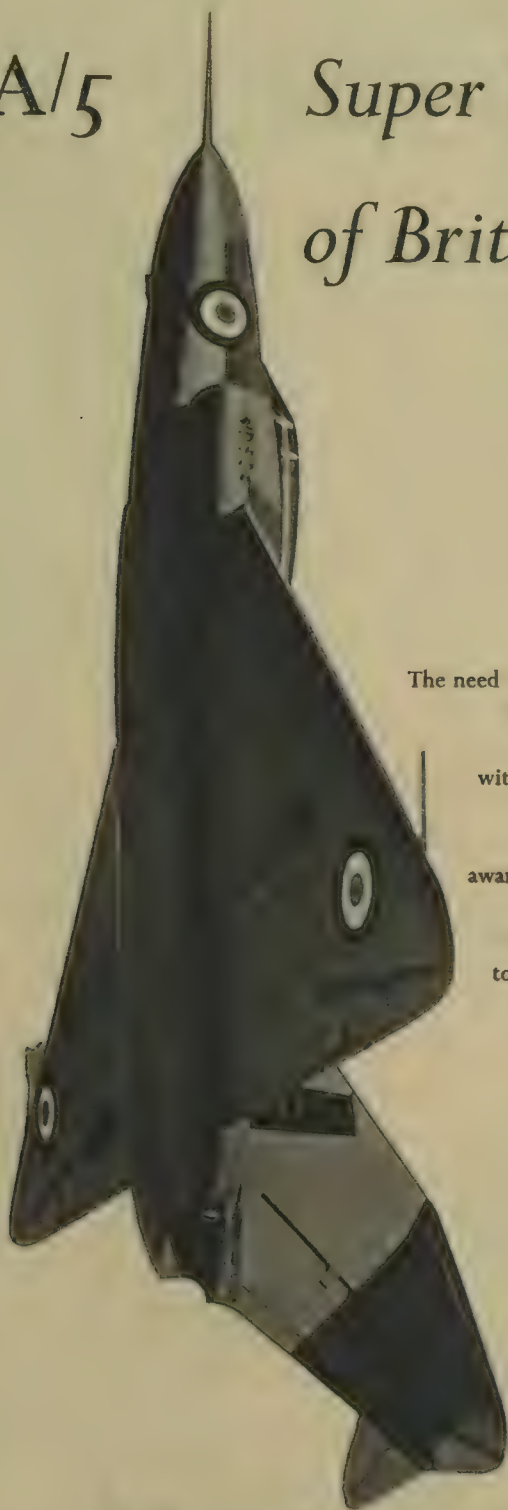
A new "Wisden's Cricketers' Almanack" is a perennial joy and the 1952 edition (12s. 6d. and 15s.) is no exception. This is the largest ever. It is impossible to criticise "Wisden." You cannot improve on statistical perfection.



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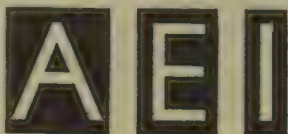
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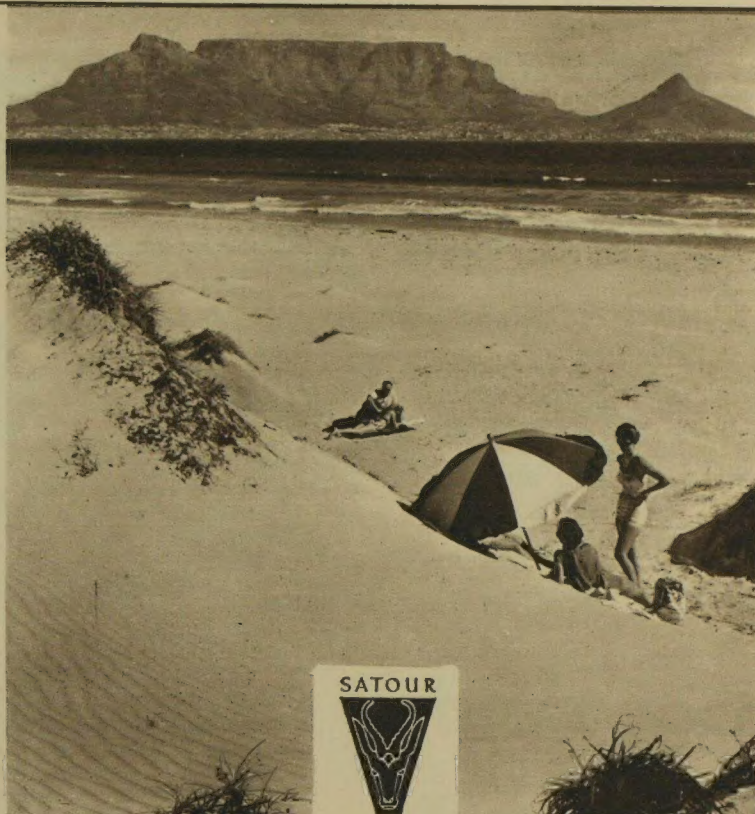


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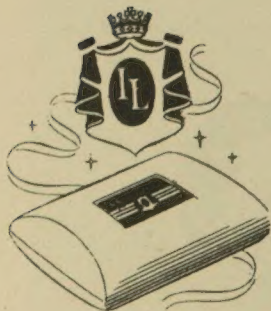
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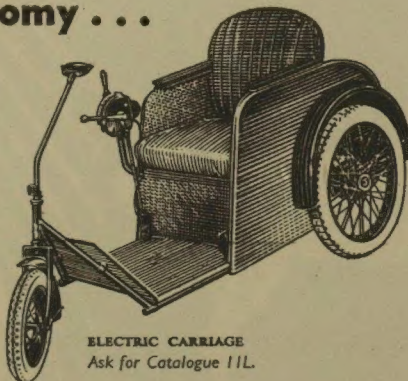
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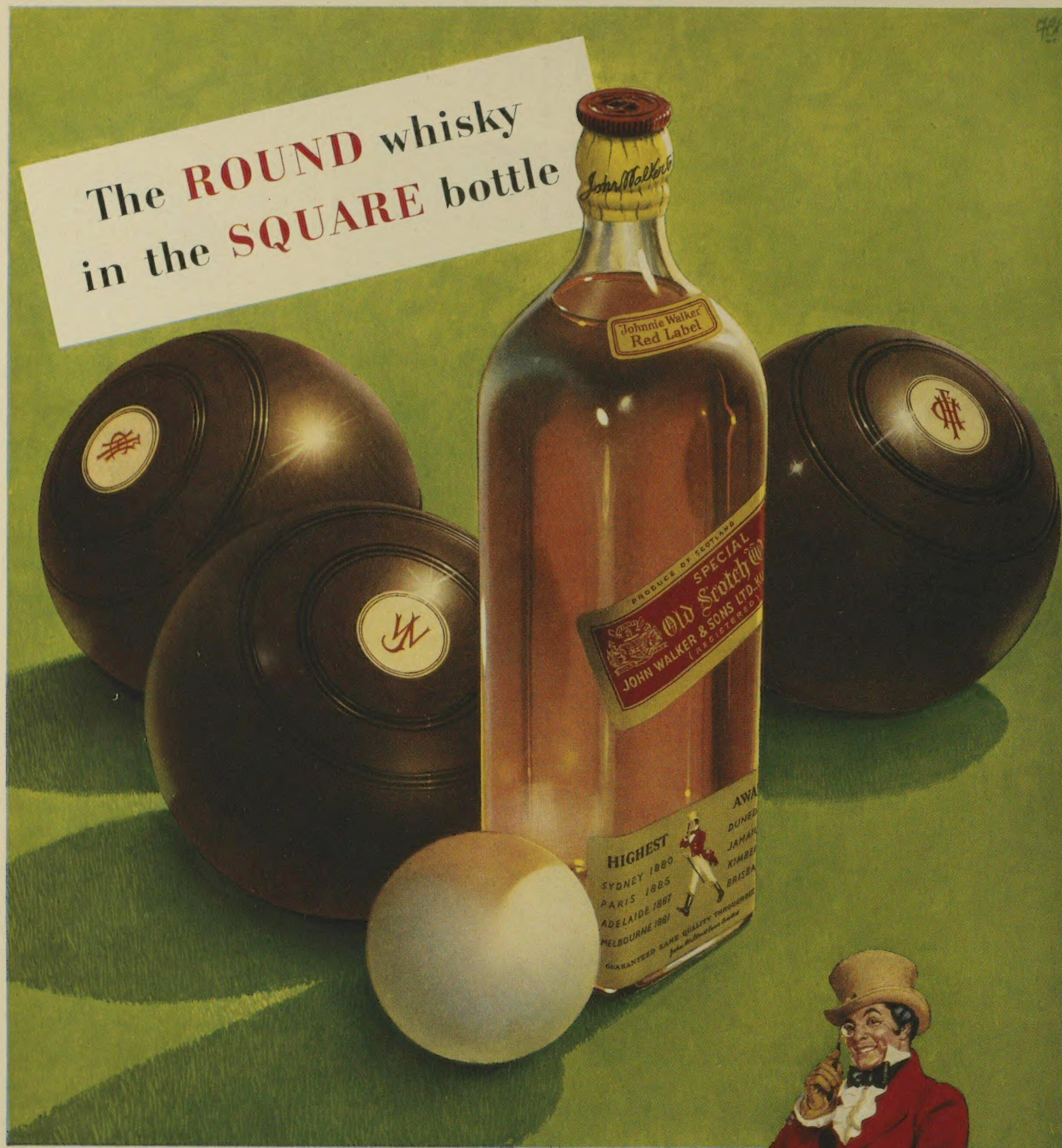
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